



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

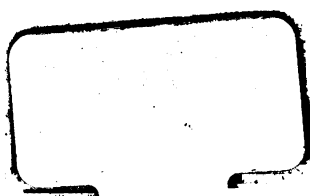
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

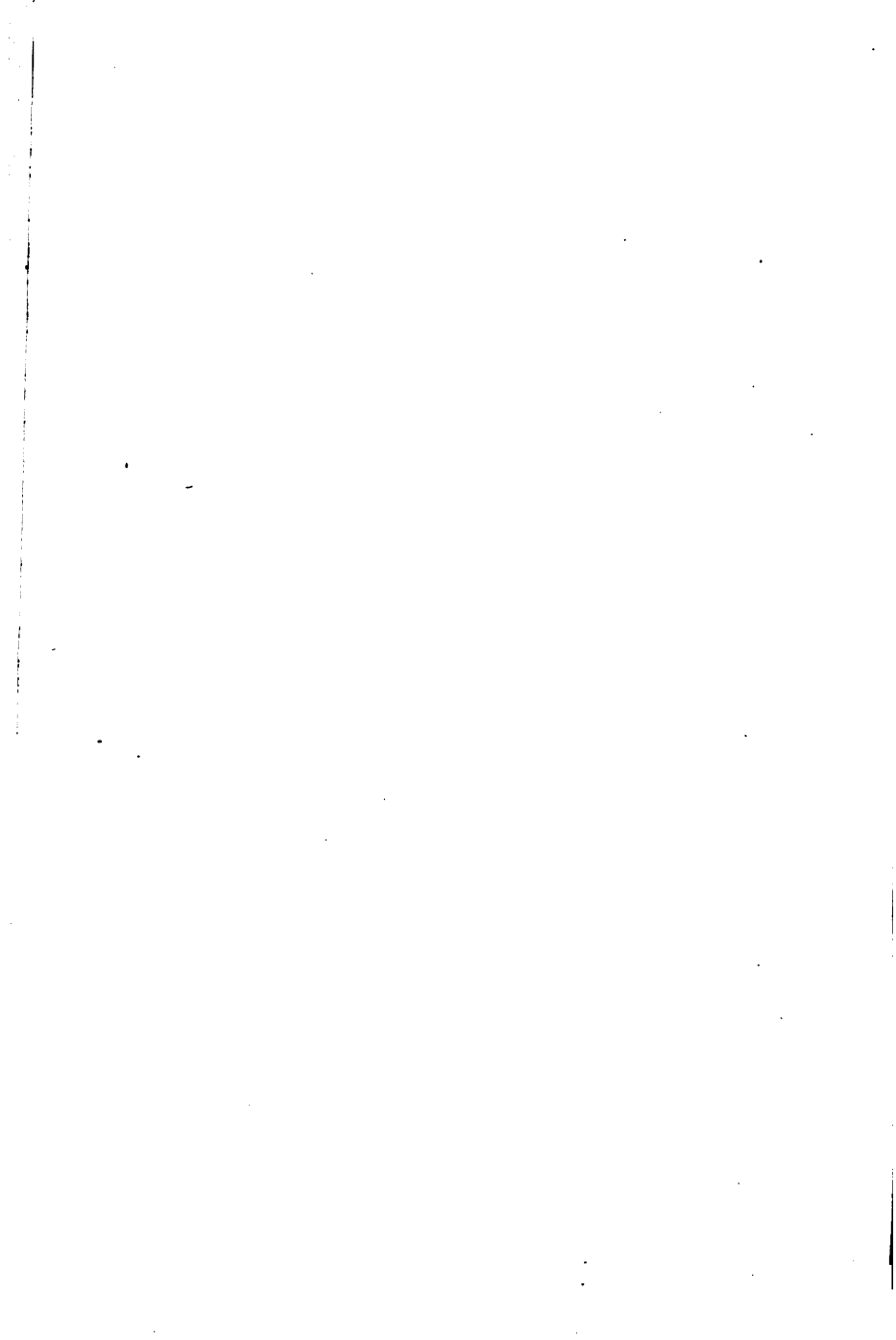


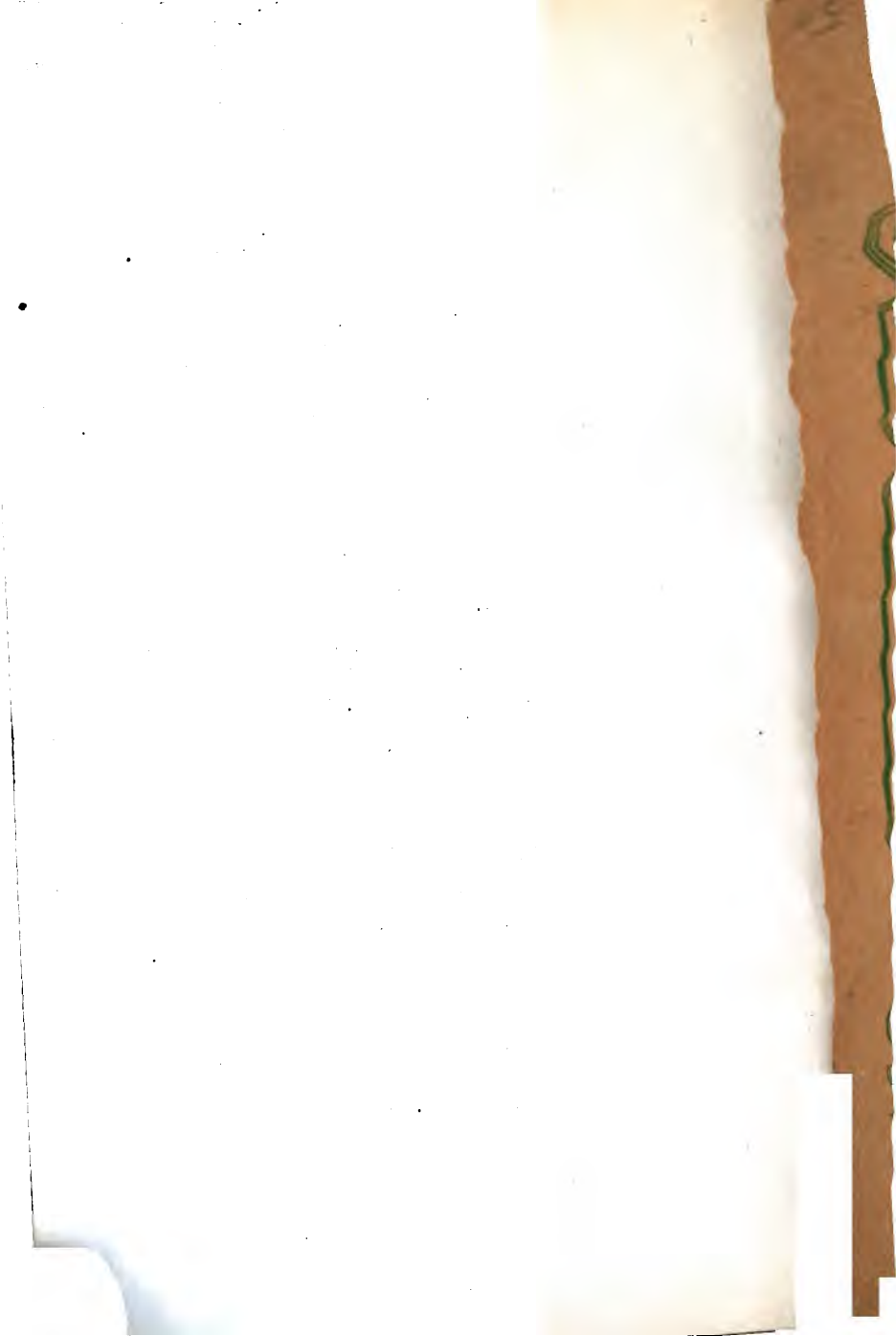
John

1965

12-1-65



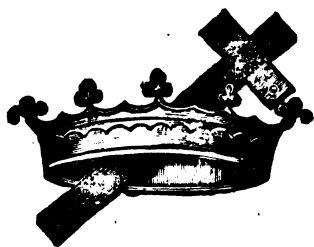






THE MESSIAD

A CHRISTIAN ILLIAD



REV. PROF. W. M. JORDAN

1904



1913 (Continued).

THE MESSIAD

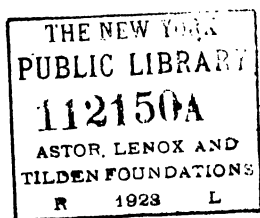
A CHRISTIAN ILLIAD



BY REV. PROF. W. M. JORDAN

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS:
THE BUCKEYE PRINTING COMPANY.
1904.

Jordan
NBI



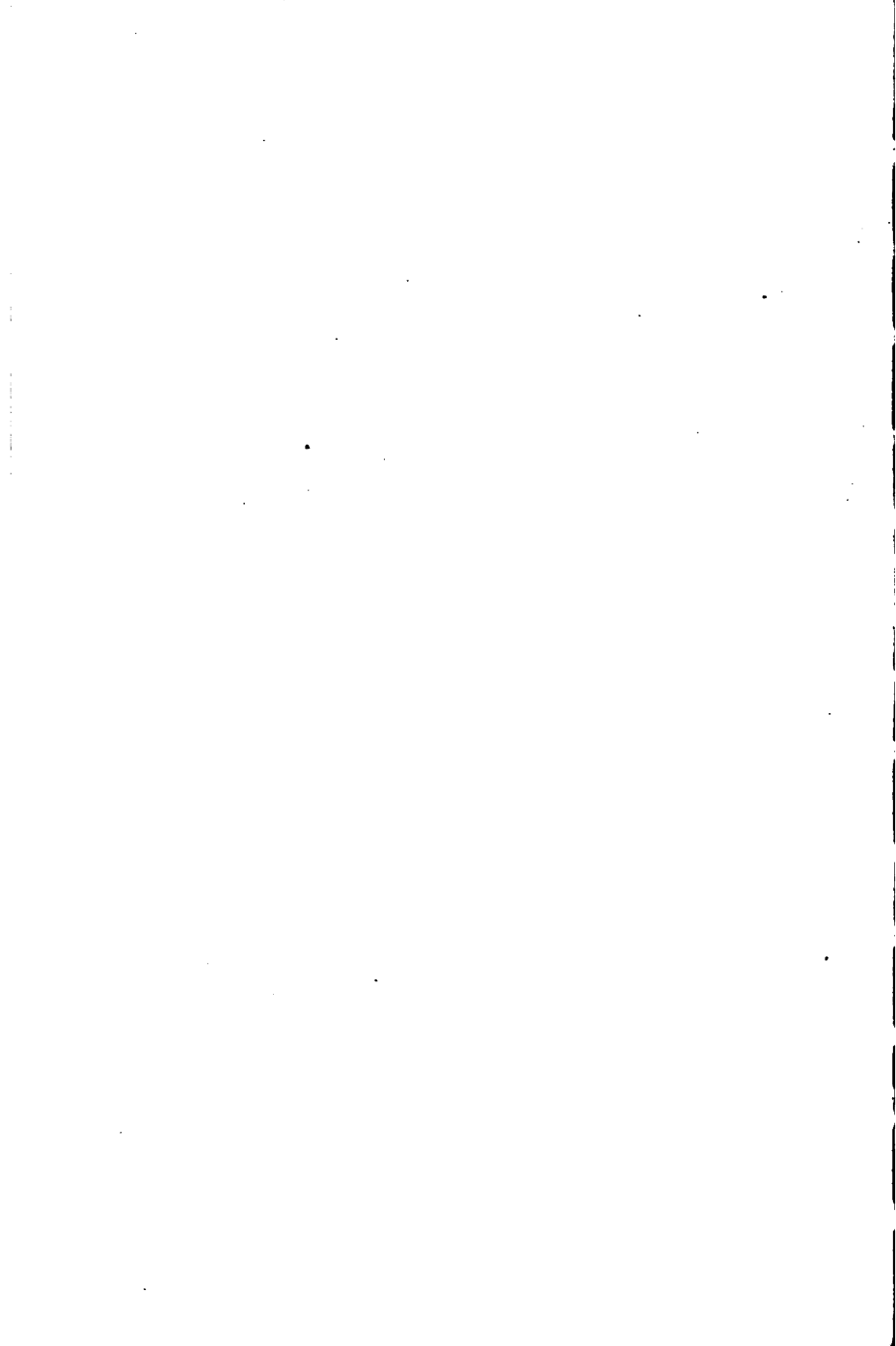
Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1904, by
WILLIAM MARTIN JORDAN,
in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

HISTORY OF THE MESSIAD.

At the age of fourteen, having perused most of the great Epics in English and English translations of Greek and Latin authors, I resolved some day to produce an Epic to honor and celebrate the Christian religion and its Divine Author. At a later age, I read Homer and Virgil in their originals while in Howard College, Alabama. These great Epics in elucidation and support of Paganism more firmly and thoroughly confirmed me in my resolution. Through forty years of active public life in the schoolroom and pulpit, that Epic has grown with me. Like Horace, I could not sleep for writing verses. When, ten years ago, I had produced and twenty times revised my cherished work, I stowed it away, doubtful of the propriety of its present publication. My friends and pupils have drawn it out from its hiding place, and it is now before the world. The absorbing desire of my heart is for it to do the good of leading many to understand, love and follow the great Master and the only true Hero the world has ever produced. Of course, its merits must be tested by the public to which I now commit it, with the prayer that God may cause it to bring forth much fruit for His glory.

W. M. JORDAN.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, MARCH, 1904.



INTRODUCTION.

The world has produced but three true epic poets. These are Homer, Virgil and Milton. They form the Epic trinity. Homer may properly be called the *father*, Virgil the *son*, and Milton the *spirit*. The author of the *Messiad* has endeavored to combine in his work the spirit, imagery, and style of all these great masters into one poem. Thus we have an epitome of pagan and semi-pagan mythology wrought into the clear and exact system of Christian theology. The whole withal is made so simple, easy and charming as to enlist the interest and delight the fancy of both the theological and the ordinary Christian reader. Christ is the hero of all. The attributes of the God-man are brought out in all their wonderful beauty and grandeur, and the forces and agencies used by Him in the salvation of men are placed before the mind of the thoughtful reader so as at once to charm, instruct, and melt the mind and heart. Who reads Homer? *Outis* (nobody) except a few college men and scholars. Who reads Virgil? *Nemo* except the same class. Who reads Milton? Nobody scarcely, except a few pedagogues who punish their giddy pupils by forcing them

to untangle his intricate Greek and Latin style till their heads almost burst with confusion and their hearts well night break with disgust. These poems with all their transcendent and splendid beauty are bought as curiosities and laid on center tables as ornaments, or stowed away in pedantic libraries as splendid relics of genius.

The Messiad is for the masses. Read and ponder if you can. Neglect if you will. Scorn if you dare. He who thoughtfully pursues its pages may find (what is to him) faults at which to cavil; and hitherto undiscovered sins of his own over which to mourn and pray. We commend it to every poor heart over which sorrow broods, and every mind on which the dark shadow of sin has fallen.

Go little Book throughout the weary earth,
None but the toiling saints can know thy worth;
Thy father's bosom pressed a cruel thorn,
When these glad notes of holy song were born.
Visit the laborer in pursuit of bread,
And the poor sufferer on his weary bed;
Go to the prisoner in his lonely cell,
And at his ear thy melting story tell.
Go with the sailor tossed upon the wave,
Tell him he may a home in heaven have.
Visit the widow in her cheerless home,
Tell her that one who pities her has come.
Haste to the beggars as they starving wait,

Tell them of Lazarus at the rich man's gate.
Seek out the orphans shivering with cold,
And let thy story in their ears be told.
Cheer up the mourners with dejected head,
Tell them what Jesus unto mourners said.
Go to the monarch on his pompous throne,
Bid him to seek in heaven a starry crown.
Visit the rich, who filthy lucre prize,
Tell them to seek for treasure in the skies.
Go thou to all who long for sweeter joy,
Let them with thee some passing time employ.
Oh, little angel, fly abroad in haste,
Give starving ones thy luscious truths to taste,
Which to thy author's heart so sweet have been,
His bosom longs to give to other men.

THE AUTHOR.

SYNOPSIS.

BOOK I. Pennagraphs of Dramatis Personae.


BOOK II. Coming of Harbinger and King. John's Ministry, and its relation to that of Christ, defined and explained. Satan introduced.

BOOK III. Christ before the Doctors. His puzzling questions. His baptism and anointing as King. First battle with Satan won in the Wilderness. Vision of creation. Work of redemption assigned to Messiah. The six realms of creation, ending in the "new man in Christ Jesus." The spiritual Sabbath of the soul.

BOOK IV. Christ gathers his army of heavenly powers.

BOOK V. Satan gathers his army and occupies the Temple at Jerusalem, which Emmanuel's army proceeds to capture.

BOOK VI. Christ with his army routes Satan's forces, and He teaches the people throughout Judæah. Plan of salvation revealed and explained. Material for his church gathered.



THE MESSIAD

A CHRISTIAN ILLIAD

BOOK I.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Her tuneful harp my soul with rapture brings,
And a glad song in grateful numbers sings.
No empty myth, nor vain, fictitious dream;
Emmanuel's love for men her royal theme.

What varied scenes of crime and discontent,
Frail Adam's race of wayward sons present!
By foreign ills, and fierce domestic foes,
Each one is tossed upon a sea of woes.
Both wealth and poverty alike annoy,
Debase their lives, and each in turn destroy;
The goods they gain oft only serve to whet
Their avarice for goods they long to get;
Which, like fond dreams dissolved in empty air,
Elude their grasp, and leave them in despair.
Blest is the man, whose peaceful days are spent
In frugal solitude, and home content;

In whose clean heart pure Truth and Virtue be;
Who has no eye his fellows' faults to see;
Who leaves his brother's sins to sure decay,
And takes due pains to pray his own away.

But these are they who much deserve a curse,
And are a social sore, if nothing worse;
The hypocrites, who cast a timely stone
At others' sins, while they neglect their own.
With sling of scandal and with whip of scorn,
They ply their murd'rous task from morn till morn.
While needs it only that some one should tell
Their hidden crimes to send them straight to hell.
Better by far is the more generous art,
Of planting virtues in the vicious heart.
Sweet Charity, thy presence ever wins,
By healing o'er a multitude of sins.
Thy gentle hands through kind and tender toil,
With fruits and flowers adorn the rudest soil;
But scandal creeps with stealthy pace along,
And makes a barren desert with its murderous tongue.

The sacred herald of the cross appears,
His soul aglow, his eyes baptised in tears;
By sovereign mercy sought, and snatched from hell,
The grateful sinner longs his tale to tell.

Like ancient Seer, his lips are touched with fire,
And yearns his soul with sanctified desire.
That Calvary's message may to men be given,
And win them from a sinful earth to heaven.
Sceptics may wrangle and Agnostics boast,
He loves the story of the Bible most;
And through a meek example, day by day,
Directs lost ones to heaven and leads the way.
His generous soul no selfish aims inspire,
His patient bosom keeps no vengeful ire;
Frank with his friends and with his foes sedate,
Free with the humble, fearless of the great;
At home a patriarch; abroad a sire,
Glad with the poor his meager means to share;
If censured, meek; and modest mid applause;
True to his neighbors and his country's cause;
A man of prayer and candid in his speech,
Eager to learn, and skilled betimes to teach;
Polished in manners; temperate in food;
Like the great Master, always doing good.
His decent home, devoid of selfish pride,
A refuge is, for homeless ones to bide,
Till heaven in mercy doth a better one provide.
The reverend man on Zion's bulwark stands,
And frequent audience of his peers commands;
His name ensures respect, his presence awe;

His word is final, his opinion law.
When to the lost in earnest tones he cries,
And the big drops stand trembling in his eyes,
Then stubborn bosoms break with guilty fears,
And saints, and sinners mingle common tears.
When in firm tones his faithful lips reprove,
The erring tremble, moved with awe and love.
And inward promise ne'er from duty more to rove.
While the dear Pentecostal hours proceed,
None solemn clocks, nor stealthy watches heed,
Telling the time in solemn worship sped.
To every eager soul 'twere sacred joy,
In prayer and praise the livelong Sabbath to employ.

How far below ; in traits, in manners—all,
Do mumbling priests, and babbling parsons fall !
With chants and rituals set to stilted motion,
They lead the people in their stale devotion.
In slattern gowns, or in their prim Prince Alberts,
They roast their list'ners like to Lental halbutts.
Then to a feast or to a festal frolic,
They run in haste to catch a bilious colic.
No marvel if their hearers thin assemble,
And squads of dozing pellicans resemble,
And if the tedious time while they are in it,
Be not allowed beyond the twentieth minute.

Now comes the skeptic with self-posing air,
In doubts and scruples grave and debonair :
"Nature his god ; Science his Oracle ;
Himself a priest quite anticlerical.
Reason the only guide to mortals given ;
All human creeds to her decisions driven.
The wrangling Sects he views with scornful frown,
And all are lunatics—except his own ;
The creeds deceptions, and the preachers tools,
The Scriptures fables ; who believe them fools.
All faith is folly ; and all hope a cheat ;
All holy triumphs are one sad defeat.
Virtue but serves to give the conscience ease,
And human life one sad long-drawn disease.
The glowing worlds that through mid-ether waltz,
Were formed by Chance or Force or Dust, or some-
thing else.
But when Dame Nature's playhouse tumbles in,
Then all those mighty tops will cease to spin,
And universal Nothingness must reign,
Till atheistic heads are forced to dream again."

But Reason's self can scarce presume to tell,
What things may be in earth, or heaven, or hell.
When her dim lamp in feeble flickering fails,
Unerring consciousness o'er all prevails.

And grasps realities beyond the reach,
Of feeble Reason, and more feeble speech.
Triumphant Faith that does not walk by sight,
Wending her way in Heaven's unclouded light,
With steady steps roams o'er th' enraptured fields,
Where Reason's lamp to Revelation yields.

Another School, Agnostic, naught denies;
Know-nothings, as their chosen name implies;
Who only wait the gladly welcome doom,
To perish in the all-devouring tomb;
Leaving for wiser spirits ampler room.
They cannot teach, for nothing do they know;
Lamps without oil can only shadows throw!
So if, as doctors, they should go about,
'Twould be to only teach us how to doubt,
Whether be heaven or hell, or Virtue, or the gout.
Conscience and Consciousness alike would fail,
And Reason itself amid their darkness pale.
Of our ownselves we'd lastly fail to scan,
If we be dream, or deity, or myth, or man.
They will not learn, or surely they had known,
Some honest craniums wiser than their own,
Who mid their darkness might some light have thrown.
It seemeth clear they dull prefer to be,
Since "None so blind as who refuse to see."

Wake harp of my enamored soul and sing
Of nobler theme and soar on bolder wing!
Blest Book of Books, thou Holy Bible given
To guide apostate men to pitying Heaven!
Thy solemn words with truth and light replete,
The matchless message of God's love repeat;
As oft as thy rich promises I read
Banished are all my cruel doubt and dread.
When solemn warnings mid thy page I scan,
They make me wiser and more thoughtful man.
Along all walks and avenues of life;
In pleasure's ease, in Business' toil and strife,
If sick or well, if poor or wealthy grown,
'Tis my chief joy thy wise precepts to own.
When I with pleading, contrite heart, have gone,
And bowed my soul at sovereign Mercy's throne,
Thy word, like dove to the deluvian Seer,
Did come with olive branch of peace and cheer.
When evil thoughts inclined my feet to stray,
And Conscience clamored for the better way,
Thy gentle tones did whisper in my ear,
A solemn warning or a promise dear,
To guide by love, or to restrain by fear.
And if, despite thy tender, warning voice,
I have made evil things my foolish choice,
How oft from stern despair thy words have won,

And to the Father's bosom brought the weeping son.
When I shall bow my fainting head in death,
And my breast heave its latest labored breath,
Thy precious promises my God will send,
Like rainbows o'er my dying couch to bend,
And my freed spirit to his loving arms attend.

Hail! Beautilous Bride, in robes of spotless white,
The Bridegroom's holiness, with wreath of light,
From Son of righteousness, upon thy head!
Pure virgin now, but soon thy Lord to wed,
With princes' glittering crowns laid at thy feet,
When ransomed nations shall thy nuptials greet.
Arise and shine, O captive Daughter! sing
The matchless charms of thy betrothed king!
Attune thy lyre with sounding cymbal sweet;
Go forth in holy ecstasy thy spouse to meet!
Long hast thou wandered mid the solitudes,
Thy soul sore vexed by Satan's graceless broods,
Hellborn, to tarnish thy fair, spotless name,
And turn the honor of thy Lord to shame;
Half human hybrids, come of priestly strife,
By civic patronage upheld, and rife
With base adultery sanctioned by kings,
And cursed with crimes that foul Dishonor brings.
Let sacred martyr-blood attest their shame!

The glowing fagot and the hissing flame,
With fiery tongues their hellish guilt proclaim.
But vexed far more in household of thy Lord,
Where dwell His ordinances and His word,
Robed in the vestments of His holy cause,
Men seek for gain, or pleasure, or applause!
What horrid sins, and Heaven-defying crimes,
Have made thine eyes weep sorrowing tears betimes;
While warring sectaries in conflict stood,
And shed with vengeful hands each other's blood.
Graceless adherents to ambition's creed,
Seeking predominance from love of greed.

Oh, mad Ambition, born of guilt and shame;
And Beelzebub, in all except thy name!
Thou ruthless tyrant of man's feverish brain;
How dost thou bind, with thy remorseless chain,
Breasts that should rule with love's delightful sway,
And drive all fear and jealousy away!
Thy bosom hardened by the lust of gold,
And all thy faculties to Mammon sold,
How can meek Virtue in thy soul abide?
Or Goodness reign with Avarice and Pride?
A troop of Harpies nestle in thy brain,
Hatch their vile broods and thirst for sordid gain.
Crimes are the jewels that adorn thy crown,
And virtue dies beneath thy withering frown.

Let war's grim fields thy fierce conquests display,
But not Religion such dark scenes portray.

Hail, holy Love! of all the virtues queen,
Since God is love, and love has ever been,
Expressed in all His works, from Creation's morn,
When Earth first came from Ancient Night new-born,
While happy Hesper-stars their gladness voiced,
And mighty sons of God with shouts rejoiced;
Shone after in the shape of sacred dove,
Upon the Holy Christ, annointed from above;
Who was baptized in Jordan's whelming wave,
A meek example his household to give.
Next, on the cross, when meek Messiah hung,
So long by holy patriarchs and prophets sung,
When cleft the spear his sin-atoning side,
Love ran o'er all the world a spreading tide.
Then Malice turned to Pity full of tears,
And Jealousy to Trust, disarmed of fears;
Hatred and Spite their cruel thoughts dispelled,
And Anger's breast with gentle Mercy swelled.
Vile Envy to complacence sweet dissolved,
And stern Revenge on others' good resolved.
Faith, Hope and Charity, blest sisters three,
Of whom the eldest is meek Charity,
Linked man with God in Heaven-born amity.

But he who erst in Eden's ros'y rosy bowers,
While sped in ecstasy the happy hours,
With serpent guile betrayed fond innocents,
And sunk mankind to base incontinence ;
Once more essayed, through Pagan rage and spite
To keep the world in Error's gloomy night.
Oh, thou, the Soul of evil ! Satan cursed !
A wretch thyself, mid endless woe immersed ;
Wishing all others to be wrecked as well,
And earth transformed into the foulest hell.
What doom will overwhelm thee when has come the hour,
That brings the triumph of Messiah's power !

The mighty Christ, with holy unction crowned,
O'er gods and demons, men and angels throned ;
Whose sacred form Heaven's priestly robes invest,
And whose pure soul Urim and Thummim blessed.
Bred in a cottage ; in a manger born ;
A virgin's Babe—the great Jehovah's Son !
Jesus, the Joshua of a blood-washed race,
Saved from their sins, and sanctified by grace ;
To pompous rites, and priestly rituals dead ;
By prayerful faith, and filial duty led.
Emmanuel, mixture of two natures made ;
The immortal Word, in mortal flesh displayed,
In pregnant utterance, from whose sacred tongue ;'

Wisdom and Love, the glad salvation sung;
And from whose awful lips shall fall the doom
Of God-despisers in the world to come.
The Wonderful, performing prodigies
On land, by sea, o'er Bedlam—in the skies.
Whose lips unbarred the gates of nether Night,
And waked the sleeping victims back to light.
Who charmed the fish, his famished school to feed,
And walked the billows with his awful tread;
The raging winds he gathered in his palm,
Stilled the wild waves and spread the solemn calm.
The counsellor who paid the debt for sin,
And plead with God the cause of guilty men.
When to the tree his bleeding form was nailed,
No more the awful Mercy-seat was veiled.
Polluted flesh no longer stood between
Insulted Heaven and base, offending men.
Deaths cruel sting in his own flesh he bore,
And the stern fetters of the grave he tore;
Hell felt the writhings of a mighty birth,
And sent its swaddled victims back again to earth.
Up on bright clouds of glory he was caught,
To the glad Father's gracious presence brought,
Then to the earth the Paraclete descends,
And ministers the kingdom till probation ends.
The Mighty God, preparing for his race,

New heavens and earth ; a sinless dwelling place.
The Father Everlasting, whose blest ones
Shall in His holy hill abide, His sons.
The Prince of Peace, destroying Sin and Hell,
In His domain, that death no more may dwell.

Thought strives in vain the mystery to scan ;
The infinite God innate in finite man ;
Reason's dim torch in wonder's maze goes out,
And vain philosophy explodes in doubt.
But why should faith reject the pleasing truth,
God manifest in human flesh forsooth ;
When various stocks ingrafted scions hold,
Which higher tribes by genial growth infold ?
And e'en in nature's bosom germs are made,
In order quite above the vulgar grade.
If so, then why not germ of Holy One,
Consort with human flesh in Mary's Son ?
Such mingling of essential natures true,
As to be son of man, and of Jehovah too.
Primeval man was prodigy entire,
Without descent from mortal dame or sire ;
With dame complete, half prodigy would be,
A child produced both man and deity ;
And half a miracle is proved enough,
When a whole miracle supplies the proof.

A microbe bred upon a molecule,
And scarce proceeded past the atomic school,
May scorn the mystery of a scientific fool.
With fishlike form the learned poliwog
May doubt the fable of an amphibious frog;
So stupid quadrumanus well may doubt,
How the wise *Genus Homo* came about.
If *Homo* sprang from *Quadramanus* brood,
Then why not from Sir *Homo* come a god?
'Tis but another step upon the ladder trod!
Shall erring man his Maker's works prescribe...
The puny member of a pigmy tribe!
Or controvert the miracles of God,
Himself the miracle least understood?
With presumption such as angels overthrew,
Shall he pronounce *all* miracles untrue!

How shall my soul in tuneful numbers tell
Supernal charms that in his person dwell?
Transcendent virtue and blest truth combine,
Raised, and refined by all that is divine.
In his pure soul infinite wisdom dwelled,
And boundless love his gentle bosom swelled;
His thought the essence of sweet innocence,
His life one stream of pure beneficence.
Decked was his crown with glitt'ring stars above,

His throne was heaven, his scepter perfect love.
His feet made haste in mercy's paths to tread,
His hands shed benefactions on the mourners' head;
A perfect man in every trait supreme,
From curse of sin his fellows to redeem.
His kingdom truth, his subjects sons of God,
Regenerate through cleansing power of blood.
Since sons of God,—brothers of Christ their king,
No claims against their lives the law can bring;
For to their new appointed Head they look,
Freed from the lettered bondage in the book
Of Forms, and Rituals, well ordained of Heaven,
On fiery Sinai, through the angels given.
The law of life in Christ, the gospel saith,
Hath made them free from law of sin and death.
Children of God, and heirs, joint with the son;
The saint, the Savior, and the Father one.
Adoption Spirit frees from slavish fear,
And Abba Father from their lips we hear.
They walk not in the ways of sin and lust,
But live in holy spirit life of trust.
Christ, and not Aaron, mediates for them,
At God's right hand the New Jerusalem.
Their kingdom Righteousness, not of this world,
No martial banners are for it unfurled,
Nor carnal weapons are for its defence,

But Faith and Hope, and meek Benificence.

These are the mighty forces Heaven designed,
To save from sad perdition base mankind.
While savage heroes their wide empires rear,
Conquer by carnage, and control by fear,
The armour worn by these meek sons of Heaven,
Is for soul-conquest by their Leader given;
Salvation's helmet, bathed in crimson light,
Brighter than any worn by Roman knight,
Or Grecian hero on the field of fight,
Typing the virtue of a noble mind,
Enriched by learning, and by love refined.
Breast-plate of righteousness o'er heart renewed,
Teaching that Avarice must be quite subdued,
Preserving well the true, the beautiful, the good.
Girdle of truth encircling lusty loins,
Brave to perform what duty's voice enjoins;
To pluck from Error's brow the plumes away,
And rescue souls that Satan's arts betray.
The shield of faith, robust in all its parts,
To quench the sting of Satan's fiery darts;
An ample round, with wide extended sweep,
Each loyal heart from murd'rous Doubt to keep.
The King's highway by every foot is trod,
With preparation of the Gospel shod;

And qualified to be swift messengers of God.
No glitt'ring spear, nor Damascean blade,
For the glad Gospel's wide conquest is made;
The Word of God, sharper than two-edge sword,
Equips the valliant soldier of the Lord.
Wielded with skill its blade, polished and keen,
Divides the marrow and the joints between;
And being thrust with superhuman art,
Reveals the thoughts and motives of the heart.

Ecstatic Muse, forbear, a time, to sing,
The royal virtues of the mighty King.
To rugged themes be thy soft harp attuned;
Let every string with martial notes resound.
The infuriate ranks of Satan stand arrayed,
With flaunting banners in fell wrath displayed.
Not demon soldiery alone supply
The horrid files of this grim chivalry.
Satan, archfiend, martials the dismal host,
His head aloft, with hellish hate and boast!
As a black, stormy cloud invades the day,
While on its front the fiery lightnings play,
Till a gathering tempest all the sky surrounds,
And rumbling thunder through the vault resounds.
Then furious winds the groaning forests rend,
And drenching torrents from the sky descend;

So Satan rose to plead his hellish cause ;
His face a frown, his tongue a tempest was.

“Comrades in Ill, unto your chieftain sworn,
In Crime colleagued, base vassalage ye scorn,
Of Heaven’s monarch, unchallenged save by us,
In firm rebellion fixed, though hazardous.
Creator of evil, He, of us as well ;
And of all things endowed with moral will.
In his own image angels and men were made,
So might his glory be by them displayed.
Ye are his Attributes, all must confess,
Since vice is but virtue carried to excess ;
And excess is but virtue out of gear,
Freed from restraint of appetite and fear.
Then why should Justice more of sinners claim,
Than their own portion due of pain and shame,
Of guilt and suffering ’tendant on their crimes,
And punishment of righteous law betimes ?
Does not Remorse, that burns with scorpion sting,
Sufficient suffering to the sinner bring ?
Disgust, self-loathing, withering chagrin ;—
Are these not proper punishment for sin ?
Why should he wreak His vengeance doubly keen,
On fallen angels, and apostate men,
In seething brimstone hot, and liquid fire,

Only to gratify His vengeful ire?
This were a death of double quality,
For one short life of sensuality!
He, Author of intelligence, hath been,
Knowing to choose the Good and Bad between.
Then father of sinners must be Author of sin,
And should pity bestow on angels and men,
Other than wherein they themselves have marred,
Refusing to Virtue's claims a due regard.

Demonic forms, not cast in mortal mould,
Do not themselves to human kind unfold,
Save through persuasion of receptive mind,
While Appetite the weakened Will doth bind;
And entrance make into the heart unkept,
When drowsing Judgment on his post hath slept.
Then like strong men within a fortress armed,
They fear no foe by whom they may be harmed.
Taking the scepter o'er the dastard Will,
Discretion next they quick proceed to kill.
When Passion kindles to a lurid fire,
Fed to vast conflagration by Desire,
Then in the pool of Lust the soul is whirled,
And the poor victim to Perdition hurled.

Now Conscience, like Cassandra, raves in vain,

O'er vows unkept and resolutions slain ;
Till from the mournful carnage she retires,
Is hushed to silence, and in sobs expires.
Hope lingers last upon the wreck to gaze ;
A falling tear her melting soul betrays,
Till, weeping now, her heart in pity breaks,
And of the scene a sad farewell she takes.
This is the task, my comrades, this the way,
Ye are to labor both by night and day,
These lordly subjects of God's love to slay.

Banished from Heaven's high celestial sphere,
As guilty culprits do we wander here ;
Waiting in galling fears our dreadful doom,
To dwell in hellfire in the world to come.
Short is the time till He, our Conqueror, lives,
And the fell blow to our dominion gives.
Long have we wandered o'er life's tragic stage,
Sparing not cradled youth, nor crippled age ;
Disputing sovereignty with Heaven's King,
Who seeks His subjects to His feet to bring ;
Not by compulsion, nor by durance vile,
But by His love their hearts to reconcile.

So we estop all entrance of His word,
And surfeit to their appetites afford ;

Quenching the Spirit of the Holy one,
Barring their thoughts from truth,—the work is done.
And we, at least, shall share the conquest well,
'Twixt pitying Heaven, and all-devouring Hell.
Legions of angels at your bidding wait;
Intelligence fallen from a sinless state
Of ignorant fealty to power supreme;—
The stupid victims of an empty dream!
And long had lain in willing vassalage,
Had they not roused with me in scornful rage,
To measure stubborn arms with Him who rules
Seraphic simpletons and cherubic fools.
Be it our task men's intellects to cloud,
And their vain hearts in unbelief to shroud,
Feeding their appetites with sin's delicious food;
Now go; the time is short, the labor long,
That downs the Right and deifies the Wrong.

As fabled vampires mid the shades of night,
Quit their dark homes and take their stealthy flight,
Unwary victims in mild rapture steep,
And steal their life blood while they calmly sleep;
Who then, in turn, their ghostly comrades join,
To roam the night and others' blood purloin;
So flew the demons, whom their chiefs disperse,
To roam the earth all humankind to curse.

And lead their victims whom dark Crime controls,
To pluck sweet virtue from their fellows' souls.
Apostate Satan; to all virtue lost;
The hellish leader of a devilish host!
Keeps not thy bosom some sweet pity left?
Or is thy soul of virtue all bereft?
Must thou dark hell on fallen angels shut,
And then, with humankind, thy vengeance glut.
Inhuman Monster, bide thy awful doom,
When meek Emmanuel shall in vengeance come.



BOOK II.

MIDNIGHT.

Now sombre midnight held the solemn sway,
And the still earth in awful silence lay;
The glowing stars with twinkling faces bright,
Glittered like jewels on the brow of night;
While lakes and rivers, plains and mountains steep,
And the wide world seemed wrapped in gentle sleep.
The weary shepherds with their flocks at rest,
In soft repose their rugged pillows pressed;
When o'er the hills came distant music sweet,
And their half wakened souls began to greet;
Then swelling louder in Seraphic chords,
Burst on their ears in glad, prophetic words;
"Glory to God on high! peace, and good will,
The songs of Seers, and hopes of men fulfill!
In Bethlehem's honored vale the Christ is born;
The Sun that wakes salvation's glorious morn.
Lo, yonder Star that guides the hast'ning steps,
Of holy Magi where the Infant sleeps.
The hoary Savants of a ruined race,
Come, gifts and incense at his feet to place.
By Mary, Mother of the Infant God,
The reverend ambassadors of Heaven stood,

With holy ecstasy their homage paid,
And at his royal feet their trophies laid ;—
Earth's grateful vow to Heaven's benefaction made.
Then came to earth the trooping cherubim,
In gladsome jubilee to welcome him,
Arch angels hovered o'er on outspread wing,
Paying obeisance to the Infant King.
Soft echoes rang the heavenly spheres along,
And chiming voices the glad hills among ; ;
All Nature's heart dissolved into exultant song.
"Ye wretched, ruined and sin-darkened homes,
Unto your doors the Great Deliverer comes !
Ye sons and daughters of apostate race,
In your glad hearts prepare for him a place !
Mercy and Truth are joyful met together ;
Righteousness and Peace have sweetly kissed each
other."
Thus echoed hills and plains, and raptured mountains,
And thus repeated rivers, seas and sparkling fountains.

The Princely Virtues came on joyful wing,
And did obeisance to their earthborn king.
They thrilled his budding bosom, glad to meet
Their Lord on earth and his blest face to greet,
'Mong men, his brothers, now no longer left
Of joy and peace and hope and life bereft.

Faith, Hope and Charity, Virtues trine-born,
Whose charming presence all the good adorn,
The meek Redeemer to their bosoms pressed,
And him, their wondrous Author glad confessed.
Charity, first-born, and greatest of the three,
Inspired the Word from all eternity;
And now reveals his mission on the earth,
And sanctifies him Savior from his birth.
Hope wreaths her halo 'round his royal brow,
And Faith proceeds his infant mind t' endow,
For meek obedience to his Father's will,
That he might holy Prophecy fulfill.

Within the home the Virgin Mother trod,
And on her bosom slept the infant God;
Of spotless birth to Israel revealed,
And David's son by circumcision sealed.
About his royal brow eight suns had flamed,
Since angel hosts his wondrous birth proclaimed.
Eight nights the vestal Pleiades had poured
Bright streaming essence on the Incarnate Word.
As many nights Orion's bands were loosed,
By Emmanuel's scepter mid the azure host;
Eight days and nights the Boy of Nazareth,
Brought forth the clustered fires of Mazaroth;
Such time his baby hands;—Almighty ones!

Guided Arcturus with the glittering suns.
The oceans tumbled in his infant palms,
The mountains balanced on his baby arms;
All Heaven was pictured in his speaking eyes,
And Calvary echoed in his human cries.

But hark! sweet Innocents lift up their cry,
Torn from their mothers' arms, and doomed to die.
A wailing voice ascends from Ramah's plain!
'Tis Rachel weeping for her children slain,
While mourners strive to comfort her in vain.
Prediction sure in Holy Writ was read,
That filled the vassal Monarch's heart with dread,
Lest Virgin Mother had brought forth a son,
Who would usurp by force his royal throne.
Then Anger ruled unhappy Herod's breast,
And Jealousy his cruel mind possessed—
Death, with red-handed Murder did the rest.
Omniscience through the hellish scheme had scanned,
And rescue for the holy Babe had planned.
Omnipotence snatched it in His arms,
And bore it safe beyond the reach of harms.

Burning with shame, and smarting with defeat,
The baffled fiends with sullen Hate retreat;
Revenge enlisted in the hellish strife,

And joined the league against Emmanuel's life.
Then Satan, chafing with Despair and Rage,
Resolved by circumvention shrewd to wage
Clandestine war against the Holy Child,
As first in Eden by seduction mild.
He called straightway gaunt and palefaced Disease,
Who ever ready was his lord to please,
And said, "Go, fiend, with foul and fetid breath,
And take thy comrade grim, relentless Death;
Watch o'er the infant as it helpless lies;
Besiege its mortal body till it dies.
Urge on thy labor day and night with skill;
Take with thee noxious vapors prone to kill;
All deadly miasms lurking in the air,
With parasites and microbes everywhere,
And thousand accidents that childhood meet;—
Present him lifeless at my royal feet!
Unless I prophecy in vain to thee,
He lives thy great Destroyer to be.

Love heard the charge by cunning Satan given,
And quick as bolt of fiery lightning driven,
She summoned Wisdom to her presence mild,
With watchful eye upon the tender child;
"Sister beloved, who dwell'dst in holy light,
When earth was wrapped in dark, primeval night;

Take with thee Prudence, and meek Temperance mild,
Direct the mother and inspire the child."

Quick as a thought the winged Virtues sped,
And o'er the Boy their ample wings they spread,
Purged off the poisons, that affect the blood,
And a firm bulwark 'round their ward they stood;
Not e'en a stone might bruise his tender feet,
Nor any accident his childhood meet.
In vain the fiends their hellish skill applied;
The more were baffled, as the more they tried. ,
Satan in sullen mood maintained his seat,
As one by rage o'ercome and sore defeat.

"Must I be baffled thus in open field?
And I thus early to Emmanuel yield?
My subtlety, fair innocence destroyed,
And into sin the pristine pair decoyed;
So living souls made by Jehovah's breath,
Victims became to all-devouring death;
Who ruled supreme o'er all the sons of man,
From Moses backward till the race began;
Though no just law dispensed its stern decrees,
To punish those who righteous Heaven displease.
Yet deep conviction planted in their hearts,
Which sense of right to every soul imparts,

So gave occasion for their thoughts to err,
And lead their conscience into slavish fear,
By shrewd persuasion of my subtle skill,
Into a base idolatry they fell,
So came the wrath of Heaven upon their heads,
In punishment of their unrighteous deeds.
May not I now by circumvention win,
And, through the law, cause Emmanuel to sin?
Which should he do, by word, or thought, or deed,
He were to Death's devouring jaws decreed;
And how may he his ruined race redeem,
If mortal sin be found complete in him?"

The clock of destiny with stealthy pace,
Had marked twelve summers on its solemn face,
Emmanuel's life had run through love and truth,
From budding babyhood to blooming youth.
The verdant boyhood glowing on his cheeks,
A manhood, crowned with mighty deeds, bespeaks;
And now within the temple court he stands,
With the sacred Scriptures in his infant hands.
The reverend Doctors round in silence bow,
While gentle majesty sits on his brow.
His bosom heaves with sanctified desire,
And his meek eyes roll in prophetic fire.
With steady hand, and half-reproving look,

He now unrolls the venerable book.

“Stands here this pledge to Adam’s weeping mate,
Made by the Lord at Eden’s open gate;
‘Shall bruise the Serpent’s head the Woman’s seed,
And Serpent’s tooth shall cause his heel to bleed.
Comes not this seed from virgin-mother’s womb,
Or shall he forth from holy wedlock come?
This holy seed that shall his ruined race redeem.

Eben Ben Ezra was the first to speak,
While a slight crimson tinge o’erspread his cheek.
“Go learn, my boy, what prophet learned of God;
‘From Jesse’s stem shall spring a royal rod.’
Then son of David must Messiah come,
Or else he never may our King become.”
Then, said the infant sage with kindling eyes,
While in his breast the sad emotions rise;
“But how could David speak prophetic word;
The Lord Jehovah, saith unto my Lord,
Sit there upon my throne until I make
Thine enemies thy footstool for thy sake.’
If he be David’s son, how could the word,
Pronounce him, in the Holy Spirit, Lord?”

The venerable man could speak no more,
But, silent, fixed his gaze upon the floor.

“Eben Ben Ezra, listen well to me ;
I will expound this prophecy to thee.
Death lies within th’ envenomed serpent’s head,
But on grim Death Messiah’s heel shall tread.
All human kind is poised upon the heel,
And so all men Death’s mortal sting shall feel.
Messiah, virgin-born, of holy seed,
Upon the ignominious cross shall bleed,
Giving his flesh to Death’s envenomed tooth,
And die the King of righteousness and truth ;
But from the tomb, a victor, he shall rise,
And mount in clouds above the vaulted skies ;
Then the blest Spirit in his church shall dwell,
And tread beneath his heel Sin, Death and Hell.
“But, tell me, reverend teachers,” said the child,
With look majestic, and with accents mild,
“What meaneth Jacob when he blessed his sons,
With closing eyelids and expiring tones ;
The scepter shall from Judah not retreat,
Nor a law-giver from between his feet,
Till that glad day when holy Shiloh come,
Gathering his people at Jerusalem?”

Then Malachi, with look of doubt impressed,
The infant prophet next in turn addressed :
It seemeth me, oh, wondrous, beauteous youth,

Thy infant mind is well inspired with truth,
And drinks of wisdom, as thy teacher fears,
Too deeply for thy soft and tender years.
While Jacob's eyes were growing dim in death,
And Israel heaved his last expiring breath,
A vision brighter than the spectral sky,
Floated in ecstasy before his eye.
Shiloh appeared, like shepherd with his flock,
From Judah's loins, a king of royal stock,
Leading his race to triumph and renown,
And treading Gentiles in his fury down."

"Listen once more, misguided Malachi,
And read the times with an unselfish eye.
Herod is not a prince of Judah's line,
Nor holds the scepter now by right divine.
Impurpled slave, he sits upon his throne,
Nor calls his kingdom, nor his life, his own.
Uneasy sits the crown upon him now;—
A breath from Rome may shake it from his brow!
Caesar the power of execution gives,
And name alone, your mock Sanhedrim lives.
Shiloh is come, my reverend teachers, now,
The crown of righteousness adorns his brow,
Scepter of truth he holds within his hand,
And living now doth in your presence stand.

The weary, heavy-laden shall rejoice
To hear the accents of his gentle voice,
When he to Israel shall be manifest,
To give his bruised lambs delicious rest.
And bear the gentle ones upon his breast.
Then Caesar's empire, bound in iron chains,
Shall break asunder while Emmanuel reigns.
The Roman eagle, towering now on high,
Prostrate in death before the Cross shall lie,
And Heaven's kingdom come, most reverend Malachi.

In wonder sat the Doctors of the law,
When the sage wisdom of the child they saw ;
No less admired the meek and gentle mien
That in his actions and his words was seen.

"But tell me further," said the infant king,
"If human wisdom can divine the thing,
What means the promise dropped from shepherd's
tongue,
When the last notes of prophecy were sung ;
'Renowned Elijah, I will send to thee,
Before that great and awful day shall be.' "

Bar Simeon rose with reverential look,
And from the boy the sacred volume took.

"Strange are thy words, oh, wondrous baby seer,
Surely a prophet thou wilt soon appear.
Whether thyself art now Elijah come,
Or shalt the king of Israel become,
To free the people from base servitude
To Roman power, let time the truth conclude.
Simeon, my sire, a venerable seer,
Who died in peace the very selfsame year,
Upon his trembling arms an infant held,
While with strange joy his aged bosom swelled;
Saying, 'Now, Lord, let me in peace depart;
Mine eyes have seen the treasure of my heart,
Who brings thy great salvation nigh to men,
To free His people from their guilt and sin,
Enlightening Gentile sinners their glad hearts to win."
And Phanuel's daughter, aged prophetess,
Did with a holy kiss the child confess,
In ecstasy of vision speaking word,
That many standing there with wonder heard;
"This is the Star of raptured Bethlehem,
That gilds the world with pure celestial beam;
Glowing in love upon our earthly night,
Guiding our souls from darkness into light,
That Jew, and Gentile, plunged in death's abyss,
May gain, through Him, eternal life and bliss?
But this was thought only a waste of breath,

Since nothing good can come from Nazareth."
With rapture seized, then spake the wondrous boy,
While his meek bosom heaved with secret joy :

"Bar Simeon, list; I will these scenes expound,
And your dull soul with verity astound!
Elias lives, and in his home is heard,
Trying his carols, like a nestling bird;
Calling his mates, their longing souls to bless,
E'en while he lodges in the wilderness.
Except his voice should soon exclaim aloud,
Trumpets would startle from yon silent cloud;
The very stones that curb the sacred street,
With piercing cries would shake your trembling feet,
And glad evangels in their frantic joy repeat."

The voice of Mary spoke in keen distress;
"My son, why treat thy anxious mother thus?
Three suns have run, like me, their lonely race,
"Daughter of Adam, dost thou yet not know,
Since I began to seek thy missing face."
I must about my Father's business go?
But, gentle mother, let us homeward hie;
My head is longing on thy breast to lie,
And gaze once more into thy soft and tender eye."

Death sat upon an ebon throne, his sable wings out-
spread,

Holding his scepter o'er the world in misery and dread ;
And moral night the nations wrapped, in guilty crimes
and fears,

While shadows dark and darker grew, as passed the
weary years.

The sun of prophecy had set, and left the world in
gloom ;

No consolation for the past, no hope for time to come.

No sacrifice, nor altar blazed with sacrificial fire,

Nor priest, nor prophet, save allowed by Rome's imperial
Sire.

Zion bowed down, with covered head, to kiss the Ty-
rant's feet,

Her reverend Elders stroked their beards, when his
base slaves they met.

Then Judah's daughters weeping came, with sad and
plaintive song,

To tell their melancholy tale of suffering and wrong.

"Captivity were better far by the stern Victor's hand,

Than galling yoke of servitude in our own fatherland.

We are but slaves amid the hills,, where our own kings
have reigned,

And all our helpless little ones for mendicants de-
signed ;

Our hearts will break, our souls will sink, with shame
and sorrow crushed,

And in our temples hymns of praise shall be forever
hushed ;
Our fields, where happy reapers toiled, be trod by
groaning swains,
Each home the prison house of slaves, loaded with
cruel chains.
Our longing eyes await the day, that sweet deliverance
brings,
When Son of Righteousness shall rise, with healing in
his wings,
When virgin-born Emmanuel, the royal Prince, shall
rise,
To raise the dead, relieve the dumb, unseal the sight-
less eyes,
Heal all the sick of sore disease, unstop the silent ears,
Supply the hungry souls with bread, and wipe the
widow's tears.
On David's royal throne shall sit the King of gods
and men,
And David's lost and ruined Realm shall be restored
again.
Our armies then, in proud array, shall march from
Zion's hill,
Subdue the godless Heathen round, the world with
terror fill.
Then shall our fields with plenty groan, and harvests
crown the year,

Our homes with peace and comfort smile, our land be
filled with cheer.

Jehovah then, no more estranged, His people dear shall
own,

When Shiloh sits in righteousness on David's royal
throne.

While sang this song the weeping dames, with agony
and groans,

From wild and rugged wilderness a Voice in tender
tones;

Daughters of Judah, weep no more; your hearts in
gladness bring,

As royal palaces prepared, and hail your honored King.
Make straight a highway for your God, who comes in
triumph now.

Let mountains level to the hills, and hills to mountains
grow."

Then came the rugged Baptist forth, with stern but
gracious mien,

Like Specter come from solitude, to warn them of
their sin.

"Repent, repent, ye guilty ones! God's righteous
Realm draws nigh,

His wrath descends upon the earth, and thunders from
the sky.

Haste, every one with mind renewed and fit on truth
to dwell,

In liquid graves to be baptised, your altered lives to
tell.

At root of trees the ax is laid, their quality to test,
The good are left, much fruit to bear, and burned in
fire the rest.

Comes after me the Royal Prince, the latchets of whose
shoes,

I am not worthy to untie, and on you grace bestows.
In water I baptise you now, and altered lives require,
But he shall come baptizing you in Holy Ghost and
fire."

The multitudes came thronging forth, from cities and
from towns,
From plains and valleys, homes and fields, from moun-
tain waste and downs.

In Enon's overflowing pools, where John had gone in
haste,

Buried in liquid graves they were, that they no time
might waste.

Showing repentance unto God, and faith in Christ to
come,

Some spread the news throughout the towns, the coun-
try other some.

The Saducees, and Pharisees, with shrewd and base design,
Besought the holy Nazarite to give them outward sign,
O minds renewed with faith in Christ, while they were
nothing more.
Than whited sepulchres of crime, and evil to the core.
"Ye viper brood, hatched out in sin, what warning
voice hath spoke,
That you should seek, with sacred rite, your heinous
crimes to cloak?
The fruits of altered minds will tell your characters in
turn;
In barns the wheat must garnered be, the worthless
chaff must burn."
Thus spoke the holy Harbinger, as in their midst he
stood,
That he a people might prepare, for the meek Son of
God;
Such preparation inward fit, and outward to be seen.
As qualified them to become the fishermen of men.
O'er men the law of God had reigned, with just and
holy claims;
To cleanse their minds and purge their lives, were its
unceasing aims.
Its rites and ceremonies apt, but outward signs ex-
pressed,

Of inward grace approved of Heaven, residing in the
breast.

Through ages past mankind had groaned, under the
galling yoke,

From time that Adam dropped his crown, till the last
prophet spoke.

All flesh had proved itself diseased beyond the cure of
law.

And God's great heart with pity moved, when ruined
men He saw;

So what the law could not perform, as for the mortal
dead,

He sent the Word in flesh to dwell, that grace through
him might spread

O'er all the world a healing stream, through death of
Christ, His Son;

That sin might be condemned in flesh, and other sons
be won,

By righteousness of law fulfilled in weak, and sinful
men,

Who walk with Spirit in their hearts, renouncing iust
and sin.

The letter of the law destroys, 'tis but the outward
form,

The Spirit worketh life and peace, when men to it con-
form.

The Priests and Levites were ordained, the letter to
fulfill,
The holy Prophets ministered, the Spirit to instill.
John came to call the hopeless ones, in legal bondage
crushed,
Lead them away from rites and forms, with which their
hearts were flushed,
In penitence to Christ, the Lamb, whose life and death
atoned,
And whose complete obedience the righteous Father
owned.
Repentance just from forms of law, to faith in Christ
He urged,
With minds renewed through Holy One, and hearts
from vain works purged,
Regenerate then in Jesus blood, by Spirit's cleansing
power,
In covenant and grace they owned a sure and lasting
dower.
A teacher of the law he was, in Spirit, not in form,
Urging the people to the Lamp in spirit to conform;
So out of Adam into Christ, the Spirit might translate,
Those justified in Christ, who were in Adam reprobate.

How some grim mount by smothered fire suppressed,
Rocks its huge form, and heaves its tortured breast,

Till smouldering horrors, now no longer bound,
Burst forth in flames and ran a tempest round;
So Satan's bosom heaves with sullen rage,
And schemes of vengeance all his thoughts engage;
Till now, no longer dumb, he silence breaks,
And thus indignant to his minions speaks:
"Vile slaves are ye, with impotence o'ercome,
Waiting in lethargy your awful doom!
The Christ survives, despite your weak essays;
He grows in wisdom, as he lives in days!
Know ye not, Minions, that he seeks to gain,
Supreme predominance over our domain?
Then to your dungeons, overwhelmed with shame.
Writhing in torture of eternal flame!
Yet scarcely grown beyond his tender youth,
He wields, like demigod, the sword of truth;
Stands in the temple with the learned scribes,
And claims Messiahship o'er Israel's tribes:—
Woe brings to us the day that claim to him ascribes!
Be this our scheme of circumvention deep,
Surveillance sharp o'er all his ways to keep;
Ply his young mind with thoughts of royalty,
Root from his heart sweet-filial loyalty,
Let pride intrude within his infant soul,
And lust of power his appetite control;
Then, proud ambition, easy conquest make,

And the young Shiloh from his virtue shake;
Thus the firm league 'twixt him and doting Heaven
break.

Harden his neck 'gainst just parental rule;
Bend his young soul to Sin's seductive school;
Urge him to cross Perfection's narrow path,
At thousand points, incurring Heaven's wrath.
Go, minions, straight; try your bewitching art;—
No tyro he, who rules the sacred heart,
And easier runs the race, who gains at first the start."

The Archdestroyer's mandate sharp they heard,
And flew more quickly than the winged word.
But meek Humility was there before,
And young Messiah gently hovered o'er.
Stern Duty stood attendant at his side,
And smote the wings from sacrilegious Pride,
Sending him crawling back with Satan to abide.
Next rose base Lust, and to his bosom came,
To taint his thoughts with concupiscent flame;
But Purity enwrapped him in her arms,
And veiled his soul from wanton Beauty's charms,
Love seized the scourge by pure Affection made,
And prostrate at her feet the devil laid,
Whose poisonous blossoms wilted and decayed.
Ambition towering came with stately tread,

Holding a sceptre o'er Emmanuel's head;
But Truth with hand upon his bosom now,
A crown of righteousness fixed on his brow.
Big-souled Benevolence, with lightning speed,
Struck proud Ambition headlong down for dead;
Who prostrated with terror staggering fled.
This conflict in the human Christ was wrought,
While he the Doctors in the temple sought.
His soul untarnished by the taint of sin,
Could easy victory over Satan win.
With outspread wings legions of cherubs came,
Encircling Shiloh with a wall of flame.
Then did he place his neck beneath the yoke,
And these sweet words unto the Virgin spoke:
"Come, gentle mother, let us homeward hie,
My head is longing on thy breast to lie,
And gaze once more into thy soft and tender eye."
Then turning meekly with his hand in hers,
He banished all maternal doubts and fears,
And kissed from both her anxious cheeks the tears.
With gentle majesty that spake the god,
He from the temple with his mother trod.

The infant Nazarene at length has come,
Worn with the journey, to his humble home.
Now at the dear domestic hearthstone warm,

His heart beats glad for its familiar charm.
Within the circle where his kindred dwell,
He feels the rapture of fond childhood's spell;
Delighted playmates to his bosom start,
And gather round him in their gleeful sport.
The happy moments glide on cherry wing,
While jolly urchins laugh, and play, and sing.
To him with confidence each one appeals,
From him no wounded breast its pain conceals,
And deepest sympathy he like shepherd feels.
Oft in their sport, with mimicry elate,
They were the sheep, their shepherd he sedate.
By waters cool their wandering feet he led,
In pastures green their hungry souls he fed.
The nursling lambs he bore upon his breast,
While with a loving hand he led the rest,
And oft in secret prayer their budding bosoms blessed.
Then good physician he in turn became,
Health to the sick to give, and heal the lame,
Restore the blind, relieve the dumb and deaf,
And give the starving poor the bread of life.
From mournful biers the feigned dead he raised,
Who straightway then the Great Physician praised.
Oft sat the mother, and her son beheld,
While the glad heart within her bosom swelled,
Emmanuel's glorious work divining well,

But daring not her joyful hopes to tell;
And Joseph, too, with doting father's pride,
Each budding virtue of the boy espied,
Oft from the chisel and the wimble won,
Watching the gambols of his infant son.

Meanwhile the toilsome day its course had run,
And western hills had veiled the setting sun;
Darkness now brooded o'er the sacred home,
And welcome hour for grateful rest had come.
Emmanuel his evening prayer had said,
And on the pillow laid his thoughtful head.
His busy brain had sunk to quiet rest,
And peaceful slumber settled on his breast.
The weary Virgin near her boy reposed,
And dozing into sleep, her eyes had closed.
She saw from earth a fatal cross arise,
And stand in blood before her dreaming eyes.
The tree was weltered o'er with crimson stain,
And on it hung her son transfixed in pain.
The sun was darkened, and the earth did shake,
And thunderbolt the temple-vail did break.
The consecrated graves wide open spread,
And started up the pale, and sheeted dead.
With terror roused, her sleeping boy she pressed
Close to her bosom, and him thus addressed:

“Oh son, such dream hath warned thy mother’s soul,
As pierced it through with grief beyond control.
Surely thy life in agony must speed,
And thou be numbered with the guilty dead!
The little sleeper woke, free from alarms,
And clasped the weeping Virgin in his arms;
“Mother beloved, God’s Holy Word is true,
Lo come I now His sacred will to do.”
The Virgin listened with attentive ear,
Her son’s prophetic words so strange to hear,
And laid them up within her anxious heart,
While from her melting eyes the tear-drops start.
When once again her eyes in sleep were drowned,
She saw the cross with wreath of glory crowned.
The Son of Man from Joseph’s tomb did rise,
And lead a blood-washed host into the skies,
Till sinful earth was changed to sweetest Paradise.
She saw him then descend in clouds from heaven,
And unto him the kingdoms all were given.
She saw him reigning thousand years on earth,
With ransomed people purged through Spirit-birth.
Then sheeted flame did all the world consume,
And Judgment summon men to final doom;
New heaven, and earth assumed their destined place,
And there abode Love, Righteousness and Peace.

Soon did the grey-eyed morn begin to peep
O'er eastern hills, when Joseph woke from sleep.
"A glorious vision have I witnessed, wife;
Such as I ne'er before have seen in life.
Jesus meseemed with dazzling glory crowned,
While white-robed multitudes thronged him around.
Within his hand he held the glowing sun,
And on his breast reposed the full-orbed moon.
His crown was radiant with glittering stars,
Such as unclouded night in winter wears.
Enthroned he sat the multitudes above,
With scepter clad, on which was written love.
Surely the Kingdom shall to Israel come,
In peace and glory, prophesied by some."
Thus bright-eyed Hope forestalled the morning beams,
And from her wings shed happy, golden dreams;
And thus the husband to the wife disclosed,
And further to the son the dream proposed.
"Tell me, my son, what these queer symbols mean;
Sun, moon, and stars, and scepter, heaven and earth
between?"
"My honored father, since thy voice commands,
Thy son obedient to the mandate stands.
Thou seest the sun in midday radiance veiled,
Within Emmanuel's hand in splendor held.
The Holy Spirit thus, like sun, so bright,

Leads the blind world from darkness into light;
Quickens the seeds of truth within the mind,
As sprouting embryos in the soil confined;
Brings to the timely birth each opening germ;
The flower and fruit anon its kind confirm.
He breathes sweet comfort in the saintly breast,
And gives the weary, heavy-laden rest;
Scatters the mists of doubt, and unbelief;
Lends the weak eye of faith a sure relief;
Guides erring minds unto enlight'ning truth;
Bestows on waning hope unfading youth;
Cleanses the heart from evil thoughts within,
And frees the soul from every taint of sin.
No longer now the son of Adam gives
Himself to Mammon, but in Spirit lives.
Wedded to Christ by covenant of blood,
Pilgrim on earth,—in heaven his brotherhood.
As under sun plants thrive in mellow soil,
Giving rich fruitage to the laborer's toil,
So saints produce, with fostering Spirit rife,
The luscious harvest of a holy life,
And peaceful days prolong, devoid of sin, and strife.

The bright-faced moon, in quiet, peaceful rest,
Thou sawest reposing on Emmanuel's breast,
Pictures the Word that shines on men from heaven,

Full of pure truth, by inspiration given.
The Spirit's light in every utterance shines,
And Father's will to children dear defines;
Lamp to the feet, and to the pathway light,
To lame gives soundness, and to blind gives sight.
The babes and sucklings to pure milk it leads,
While stalwart souls with stronger meat it feeds,
And healing medicine to every heart that bleeds.

The stars thou sawest in King Emmanuel's crown,
Are gospel ministers of blest renown;
Winners of souls, scatt'ring the precious seed,
Sin to reprove, and hungry souls to feed.
Pure gems are they, freed from all base alloys,
Leading their race to heaven's unfading joys.

The white-robed ones that round Emmanuel stood,
Are sinners washed in guilt-atoning blood;
The church of God, in spotless garments clad,
His honored Queen through tribulation led.
With Christ on earth in triumph soon to reign,
On royal thrones, when he descends again.

The scepter blazoned with the holy word,
Is the sweet symbol of Redemption's lord,
Ruling his people not by force and fear,

But swaying hearts by true affection dear,
And wiping from all eyes the sorrow-laden tear."
Inspired with wisdom thus Emmanuel,
Did to his parents these great wonders tell.
Nor did their loving bosoms not unfold
To others what to them the boy had told,
Till Fame's loud trump his fame around the world
had rolled.

Hail Holy Child! sweet bud of heavenly grace!
Unfold thy opening petals on a ruined race.
Thy blooming flowers, nursed by Celestial rays,
Shall charm mankind to an adoring gaze.
From thy pure heart a tree of life ascend,
And round the world its ample arms extend;
Whose wondrous leaves, with healing virtue rife,
Shall cure the suffering with the balm of life;
Whose luscious fruits shall feed the tribes of earth,
Till nature's self shall spring to second birth.



BOOK III.

DAWN.

The gentle muse must quit these pleasant scenes,
Where home repose from toil and conflict weans,
And sing once more of strategems and wiles;
How Satan's art Emmanuel beguiles.
Aurora now, bright harbinger of day,
In saffron tints on morning's bosom lay;
Thrusting ajar the portals of the dawn,
She spread with purple rays the flowery lawn;
Then from his fiery palace comes the sun,
And climbs th' aerial steep his course to run.
How some wild brute by dazzling day purblind,
Seeks from the light his dark retreat to find,
So when appeared the beams of rising sun,
Satan made haste the hateful day to shun.
With soul immersed in guilt and vengeance black,
He veiled his face, and wheeled his hideous back.
More rapid far than prowling beast of prey,
He followed darkness as it fled from day.
A cave there is ne'er pierced by gaze of man,
Where fire and brimstone once in torrents ran,
Rained by the fury of Jehovah's hand,
Where blasted Sodom, and Gomorah stand;

Deep in the earth 'neath Sea of Death infixed,
Mid horrors dread, and gloomy darkness mixed.
Here Satan sat upon his horrid throne,
With bodings dire, and many a hideous frown.
Not half so fierce the stormy billows roar,
And in hoarse clamor beat the trembling shore.

“Ye horrid Shades, who dwell in silence here,
Where dawns no morning, fades no twilight dear;
Once wrapped in mortal flesh ye walked the earth,
The wilful dupes of evil from your birth!
The prey of passion, and the sport of sin,
Your pleasures vanish where they should begin!
Had ye but dreamed how vain those pleasures were,
Ye had not been o'erwhelmed in anguish here.
For by seductive solace of the mind,
Lust doth its victims to destruction bind;
And I but pity such unhappy fate,
For fools who forfeit a far better state.
But to be lord of evil by free choice,
Not swayed by Appetite's nor Passion's voice;
T' embosom embers of eternal hate,
And nurse revenge with greed insatiate;
To blast all good, and overthrow all right,
This is the achme of my stern delight.
And being Prince of Evil serves me well,

To reign confessed the Potentate of hell!
The love of Wrong can never well be blamed,
Since Evil itself is only Good misnamed;
Without the darkness how could shine the light?
So day is only counterpart of night;
Sickness prepares glad health with joy to greet,
And pain but makes delicious ease complete;
But for the evil good could not be known;
And boasted virtue only vice outgrown;
Vice embryo while Virtue is the fruit fullblown.
Holiness is but unholiness transformed,
And wrong is right to selfishness deformed.
So evil must forever foster good,
Since good from evil draws its daily food.
The Holy Word in mortal flesh enshrined,
Seeks now my realm in galling chains to bind,
And so in flesh he must his right assert,
Or else I shall his noble scheme pervert.
In flesh I met the green, primeval pair,
And with persuasion, soft and debonair,
Like fatal horse led over Trojan wall,
Engaged their fancy, and procured their fall.
And since my efforts do thus far but fail,
Resolved I am to meet Emmanuel,
In person testing his humanity.
Perhaps he may be tripped by vanity,

And his integrity, no longer sound,
May topple in base ruin to the ground;
Thus his renowned destroyer I may yet be found.
Tempt him I shall in lonely solitude,
The while his famished body yearns for food.
Lust shall assail him through fierce appetite,
And bring his piety to peril quite.
His humble heart with vain conceit shall yearn,
And his meek thoughts to self-assertion turn;
Thus haughty pride may in his bosom burn.
Or if he yet withstand my cunning art,
Ambition I shall kindle in his heart,
With crown and scepter on the earth to reign.
And all the kingdoms of the world to gain.
Will he the dazzling glory of all these disdain?
So selfishly lust shall start the golden dream,
And pride of life assist the well made scheme,
Till mad Ambition crowns the work complete,
And lays Emmanuel prostrate at my feet;—
Now, Victory, be mine when I Messiah meet!"
Thus spake Apolyon in Hades enthroned,
And the thin Shades their grim approval groaned;
The spectral rocks their murmurs echoed back.
And horror brooded o'er the midnight black.
All hell rejoiced, as o'er the victory won,
Counting before as if the deed were done;

Their Chieftain's power ne'er thinking once to scorn,
But tasting fruit before the germ was born.

When early morn, with rosy face, had chased the
night away,
And once again, with golden beams, the sun had
brought the day;
When hills and mountains dropped their hoods, of
shades and shadows dim,
And lifted up their faces bright, in joy to welcome
him;
Two sacred men stood, arm in arm, in solemn converse
sweet,
While Jordan's limpid waters rolled, in ripples at their
feet.
Locks raven black adorned the one, the other auburn
brown,
While over shoulders broad they hung, and flowed in
ringlets down.
With smooth, majestic brow the one, and earnest,
thoughtful face,
The other rugged countenance, but clad in homely
grace,
Wore leathern girdle round his robe of camel's hair
the one,
The other wore a seamless vest, by gentle fingers done.

They both descended solemnly into the sacred stream,
While shone the sun upon their heads, with reveren-
tial beam.

John, with uplifted, holy hand, the meek Redeemer
blessed,

Invoking the great Paraclete, upon his head to rest.

The Jordan's yielding tide became, for Christ a liquid
grave,

That for obedience we might his meek example have.

When lo, at once, by God's own hand, the heavens
were open spread,

And Holy Spirit, like a dove, descended on his head.

Then spake, from cloud o'ershadowing, the voice of
God appeased;

"This is my own beloved Son, in whom I am well
pleased."

Out from the burial came the twain, by righteous
Heaven approved,

As in the resurrection morn, will come the saints be-
loved.

To heaven the dove returned in haste, on glad, exult-
ant wing,

And holy kiss was interchanged, by Harbinger and
King.

Led by the Spirit in their hearts, with sovereign grace
imbued,

John to the Holy City went;—Jesus to solitude;
Where angry Satan he should meet, for shares and
wiles prepared;
Sc as the solemn day declined, toward setting sun he
fared.
Nor did he on himself rely, but trusted in his God,
While he, with consecrated mind, the path of duty
trod.

The gloomy shades were gathering fast, upon the
desert wide,
And purple rocks, and crusted sands, their lustre laid
aside.
The spectral cliffs on mountain sides, their shadows
mingled fast,
Till night's black wings were spread abroad, over the
dismal waste.
In solitude Messiah knelt, upon the yielding sand,
And felt upon his trembling head, the touch of God's
right hand.
A voice within so sweetly spoke, "My own beloved
one,
Fear not the vile Destroyer's power; the Sire defends
the son."
When morning sun, his race had run, up the empy-
rean high,

Alone with God, the Savior stood, under the dismal
sky.

No sound was heard, of beast or bird, amid the greary
daze,

Nor sight was seen, of trees or men, to rest the weary
gaze.

No water sweet, his lips to greet, nor friendly herds
were near,

But all was bleak, when Jesus meek, encountered pale-
faced Fear;

Who shivering stood, deep stained in blood, before
Emmanuel's face,

And like the ghost, of demon lost, offered a cold em-
brace.

But Faith drew nigh, with hand on high, to strike the
devil dead,

And as she wheeled, her glitt'ring shield, covered Em-
manuel's head.

Then Famine came, haggard and lame, with gaunt and
hungry jaw,

To fix its fangs, with griping pangs, and on his vitals
gnaw.

But words of Truth, from Wisdom's mouth, were
spoke to him again,

And he was fed, with heavenly bread, that freed from
hunger's pain.

Despair a dart, drove through his heart, to lay his
spirit low,
But Hope's bright smile, cheers him the while, with
Heaven's radiant glow.
Ambition next, his spirit vexed, with many a promise
fair,
But Duty true, the demon threw, and plunged him in
despair.
Falsehood appeared, with flowing beard, adown his
back accursed,
His crown was set, like Marionette, with head and face
reversed.
Where'er he goes, his heels and toes, inverse direction
take,
So those who trace, his onward pace, but fools them-
selves do make.
But sturdy Truth, in vigorous youth, with eye both
keen and strong,
Severed his head, and smote him dead, nor served the
devil wrong.
With charming grace, and beauteous face, Deceit as-
sailed the Lord,
But Conscience stood, in angry mood, and smote him
with the sword.
Then wan Disease, his chief to please, with foul and
foetid breath,

Shed poison round, upon the ground, and filled the air
with death.

But robust Health, the peasant's wealth, aromas poured
around,

Sweetened the air, with unction fair, and purified the
ground.

But sharper still, like vulture's bill, fierce hunger
gnawed the Christ,

Nor grateful rest, of ease possessed, his famished
frame sufficed.

Pride crawling came, in serpent frame, scarce healed
from former fray,

But when he sees, Christ on his knees, he wriggling
runs away.

So devils came, both stark, and lame, the Savior to
oppose,

Till fortieth day, had passed away, and morning sun
arose.

The goblins foul, both imp and ghoul, had sorely him
oppressed,

Till his weak frame, famished became, and longed for
gentle rest;

But his meek soul, by just control, had baffled all their
skill,

And stood complete, still more to meet, and do his
Father's will.

On Nebo's top where dying Moses stood,
And yielded up his valiant soul to God;
Where with Apolyon the Archangel fought,
When th' hero's body back to life was brought;
Mute monument of his long-past defeat;
Satan had planted his unhallowed feet;
Had sent his minions forth, a skirmish line,
Against the meek Emmanuel to combine.
Now as a martial Chief with practiced eye,
Scanning his torn and baffled ranks, draws nigh;
If he, perchance, his minions may inspire,
And fill their breasts once more with martial fire.
First as a vulture circling mid air high,
Above the field where warriors bleed and die,
Biding the time, when battle-storm is o'er,
To glut his hungry maw with putrid store.
Next as an eagle in the far blue sky,
Fixing on earth his keen and savage eye,
To doom some unsuspecting lamb to die;
Then as a serpent sconced in cleft of rock,
Watching the terror of a storm-smit flock,
To sting to death the shepherd turned aside,
Seeking his fold in safety there to hide.
So Satan all these various shapes assumed,
Not as brave hero for the battle plumed;
But dastard he, a craven heart within,

Steeped in the practice of deceit and sin ;
Gloating in crime, and wedded fast to death,
With rotten soul, and hell-polluted breath.
But when he sees his minions turned to flight,
Routed in shame amid the hopeless fight ;
Messiah, like some stubborn fortress stern,
That neither force can wrack, nor fire can burn ;
Stirred with revenge, he emulates the brave,
To prove a victor, or become a slave.
He hopes his doubtful fortune to redeem,
By artful practice of his chosen scheme.

The Lord he first approached in blandest mood,
While midst the prowling beasts he famished stood ;
"If thou be Christ, as we have heard it said,
Command these stones, that they be turned to bread ;
Then as thy dear disciples we may all be led."
"Man shall not live by bread alone," the gentle Christ
replied ;
"For God doth, by His Holy Word, the soul's best
food provide."

Then Satan turned his leering eyes away,
Like moping owl from kindling light of day.
Waiting till midnight had the earth entombed,
The form of Condor huge he straight assumed ;

Then lighting on the earth with awkward leap,
He found Emmanuel wrapped in gentle sleep,
Wasted and worn, his body now grown thin:—
But mighty soul undaunted was within.
Bearing him off in soft and rapid haste.
His body on the temple-wing he placed.
When rising day Emmanuel's slumber broke,
Satan again, with bold persuasion, spoke;
"If thou be Christ, as thou hast made pretense.
Cast thyself down from this high eminence;
For in God's word is found in letters large,
'Good angels shall have over thee a charge,
Lest thou, perhaps, thy doting Father gone,
Should cast thy precious foot against a stone.'
If thou be thus beloved, thy claims we well may own."
"'Tis written too, in Holy Word, which you may well
 espy;
Thou shalt not tempt the Lord, thy God; for He doth
 reign on high."

Then Satan, racked with anger and despair,
Vanished again from sight into mid-air,
And clad himself with garments rich and great,
Such as the monarch wears in royal state.
A glittering crown upon his head he wore,
And golden scepter in his hand he bore.

Upon the top of dizzy mountain peak,
Emmanuel stood, with body faint and weak.
Then Satan, with all fraud that hell affords,
Accosted him with these alluring words;
"Behold the kingdoms, that in grandeur lie.
Upon the earth, before thy gazing eye;
With all the treasures, that their coffers fill!
All these are mine, to give to whom I will.
If thou wilt only bow, and worship me,
I will, by title, give them all to thee,
And thou the mighty Prince of all the earth shalt be.
Then Satan stood before Emmanuel's face,
In regal pomp, and soul-bewitching grace.
The Son of God replied with stern disdain,
While from hot anger he could scarce refrain;
"'Tis written, 'From the love of God, thou shalt not
swerve,
And with a faithful soul, him only shalt thou serve
Satan, with all thy treachery, deceit, and lies,
Haste thee to get, thou villain, from before mine eyes!"

As pirate vessel, borne by adventurous wind,
Some jutting reef attempts, a port to find;
Meets at all points the blunt, and stubborn rock:
Where most expects a lodging finds a shock;
Then turns his prow, with smooth, and cautious oar,

And seeks the shelter of more friendly shore ;
So Satan's craft attempts in vain to find,
A lodgment in Emmanuel's godlike mind ;
But crushed, at every point, by stern defeat,
Departs in shame his waiting imps to meet.

Wheels now his fiery disc the midday sun,
His downward course in rapid haste to run ;
The birds their songs in silent groves have hushed,
And glowing fields with fervent heat are flushed ;
Flowers their petals droop, like muffled hoods,
And gloom prevails, amid the sombre woods ;
The lordly lion seeks his peaceful lair,
And in his covert sits the timid hare ;
The lazy herds in restful shades repose,
Chew their fresh cuds, or eyes in slumber close,
While dying Noon sweet Eve with kisses woos.
But Judah's Lion, lordliest of his race,
Down from the mountain comes with stately pace ;
A victor he, in every battle shock,
The royal leader of a royal flock.
Turning aside, with worn and bleeding feet,
To find cool shelter from the midday heat,
With hunger wasted, and with famine parched,
A grotto viewed, with shrubs, and vines o'erarched.
Cool breezes from its silent depths are blown,

And trickling waters fall upon the storne.
Within there was, mid soft, inviting shade,
A royal feast, by angel-fingers made;
Ambrosial meats, and luscious nectar sweet,
For him, well pleased, with relish keen to eat.
Fresh odors from the blooming meadows came,
And breathed upon his weak, and wasted frame;
And fragrant flowers from mountain, field, and stream,
Sprang round him thick, as in a golden dream;
Tapestry floral, forming royal bed,
On which to lay his faint, and weary head.
Forgetting now o'er erring men to weep,
He sank to rest, in calm and blissful sleep.
Nor waked till morn its radiant light had spread,
And crowned with rosy beams his sacred head.

From pleasing dreams the Christ was loth to rise,
Pictures, that came, and spread before his eyes;
Such as, on Patmos, wrapped in solemn awe,
With wondr'ing gaze the trembling prophet saw;
And such Ezekiel viewed by Chebar's stream,
When swam his eyes in that portentous dream.
The misty curtains blinding mortal eyes,
And hiding what beyond the vision lies,
Athwart the sky by Cherubim were rolled,
And to the Christ his coming reign foretold.

Before him lay vast, geometric plane,
Which, only concept, human terms explain;
The Universe, possessing metes and bounds
None; and extent, that utmost thought confound.
Within this mighty sweep of throbbing life,
Seven Realms appear, with various creatures rife;
Concentric, lying in the selfsame plane;
The larger ones the lesser ones contain.
Seven kinds of being therein hold their sway;
As many forms of life their functions play.
The higher beings lower forms resolve,
As larger Realms the lesser ones involve;
Power the perimeter that bounds the whole,
The center Destiny, and God the Sole.

While yet unborn is first primeval day,
And Ancient Night maintains unbroken sway,
A sea of Chaos in confusion rolls,
And with the boiling center mix the poles.
Then speaks the Almighty Word in thunder-tones;
"Let there be light, and let be cosmic zones!
The floating Essence first, then Atoms haste,
Into calm order brought from savage waste;
Hurry together now swift molecules,
And form the mass that Chemic action rules;
Metals and rocks about their center whirled,

Move through the void, a finished mineral world.
The firmament enwraps the rolling mass,
Spun into ether and aerial gas.
Evaporation then evolves the clouds,
Thick, misty canopy the earth enshrouds,
Darkness, once more, asserts its gloomy reign,
And Chaos rude had held the sway again;
But God's decree makes calm commotion start,
And Land from Water stands in heaps apart.
Light now, insphered in Sun and Moon and stars,
Like melody arranged in tuneful bars,
Pours forth her beams in golden essence sweet,
The infant world once more with joy to greet.
Then come the turns of night and pleasing day,
And gloomy Darkness holds no more the sway.
Thus did first Realm th' Almighty Word confess,
And second Realm the great Creator bless.

For a new Realm of life the world is fit,
Since now the earth with glad sunshine is lit;
The vegetable forms in haste shoot forth,
From torrid South to bleak and frigid North.
The earth stands forth in blooming beauty clad,
And fair Botanic Realm makes Heaven glad.
The stately pines and sturdy oaks arise,
Nodding their tops amid the blustery skies,

While myriad species of the lesser kinds,
Spread their frail branches to the whispering winds.
Thick clustering vines their clambering arms extend,
And loaded with delicious fruitage bend ;
And other which dense mantling meadows o'er,
Ripe melons choice, and luscious berries bore.
Beneath the rapture of the sunny skies,
Unfolding germs on every hand arise,
Converting Earth into a verdant paradise.

Now the fourth Realm of being rules the age,
Zoonic tribes inspire the crowded stage.
Herbaceous Crinoids lift their crested heads.
And 'mong the lillies choose their marshy beds ;
The pouchlike Polyps with soft oars supplied,
Ride on the wave, and wander with the tide ;
Molusks incased their lazy lives protrude,
Roam through the sea and perish in the mud.
These all by wisdom, not their own supply,
Work skilful forms of stern Geometry.
Guided by Him, who well appoints their doom.
They artists rare, and architects become,
Secrete their dyes, their colors true combine,
And rear their palaces with skill divine.
With silver harps in golden walls incased,
They make soft music mid the watery waste.

Nor does the land their timid presence want,
But many a crack and crevice gives them haunt.
While they in solitude indulge their will,
And a well ordered destiny fulfill.
The microscopic tribes by nature true,
Attenuated forms remote from view,
Have Orders, Families, Kinds, and Species, too;
Microbe, Diatom, Animalculae,
One grade above the bland Anemone;
Who fill their functions, and assert their sway,
In pain and pleasure passing their brief day.
Guided by Him, who well appoints their doom,
They artists rare, and architects become,
Secrete their dyes, their colors true combine,
And rear their palaces with skill divine.
Their tiny pipes with fairy tones resound,
And charm with magic notes the waters round.
Nor does the land their timid presence want,
But many a crack and crevice gives them haunt,
While they in solitude indulge their will,
And a well ordered Destiny fulfill.
We blush in shame for scientific schools,
Boasting the names of atheistic fools,
Who draw from these their God-despising lore;—
The stilted corpse of Science,—nothing more!
As well might Ethiopes to mummies dried,

Prove that a soul ne'er loved, nor-laughed, nor cried,
But simply from the loss of breath they died!
While these wee things by vital instinct warmed,
Soft-hymn the Hand by whom they all were formed,
What man so deaf to Nature's truthful tongue,
Denies them from Eternal Wisdom sprung!
All Nature's frame built by the Master Hand,
Fashioned by Wisdom and by Goodness planned,
Throbs with a Soul throughout her mighty bounds,
And with loud voice her Maker's praise resounds.

The finny tribe swarm through the watery deep,
Swim the wide lakes, and through the cascades leap,
And briney monsters that the ocean laves,
Wander amid the wilderness of waves.
Exulting in their bony timbers stout,
They raise a tempest with their watery spout.
The graceful trout with stately caution true,
Poised like a galley mid the billows blue,
Sweeps the wide streamlet with his eager eye,
And seizes quick the poor, incautious fly.
Small fry abundant hold the watery main,
Exult in pleasure, or expire in pain.
Some swim the rivers with quick, sportive pranks,
Others infest the streamlets' mossy banks;
And some again in liquid fountains deep,

Roam for their morsels, or in safety keep,
And in their liquid palaces securely sleep.
Some, like to human, cunning schemes employ,
To trap their fellows, and for greed destroy.
Full shrewd to plan, and artful to pursue,
They scorn their brothers, and through guile subdue ;
Thus feared by all, and useful to but few.
Pity that Nature in her lap should nurse,
Banes to herself, to every one a curse !

The horned herds in patient, quiet haste,
Gather their food with supercilious taste ;
Bend their broad backs beneath the smiling sun,
Nor cease their browsing when the day is done.
Turning their faces then towards famished young,
Who call to them the friendly shades among,
They wend their way o'er hills and valleys green,
And give responsive greetings in between.
The lordly bovine chieftans in the rear,
With angry larums fill the startled air,
Toss their defiant horns in rage around,
And paw the surface of the trembling ground.
The noble stallion, with unfettered pride,
Leads forth his browsing mates o'er pastures wide ;
With threatened hoofs the straggling ones controls,
While from his neck the waving thunder rolls.

Then round the herd with stately pace he roams,
To see that no intruding stranger comes.
Tossing his head with proud disdain on high,
He sweeps the plain with sharp, inquiring eye;
Both ears erect, and nostrils wide-dilate,
The ground scarce feels the burthen of his feet.
Behemoth vast, whom bulky frame enshrouds,
Spurns from his heels the earth in dusky clouds;
The while he prairies and broad plains forsakes,
He treads the trembling shores of streams and lakes,
And through his trunk their liquid contents takes.
The lordly stag in speed the winds defies,
Tossing his antlered crest amid the skies.
Among his dams he moves with stately pride,
And shakes the dewdrops from his pelted side.
The hungry lion leaves his tawny train,
And stalks in fury o'er the distant plain;
Crouching, he waits the unsuspecting cow,
While to the pastures green her footsteps go.
With murderous paws he springs upon her neck,
And then proceeds the shoulder-bones to break,
Till now with fangs and deadly claws o'erthrown,
Her carcase she surrenders with a moan.
The mastodon, unwieldy monster, roams,
And in the forests seeks his leafy homes;
Mid lofty tree-tops thrusts his greedy paw,

And with their foliage fills his hungry maw ;
Then to the miry marshes moves in state,
And lies in mud the geologist to wait.
The swarming Vertebrates in savage glee,
Roam the wide continents, and swim the sea ;
Throughout the air crustaceous insects fly,
Chase flitting shadows and then, like them, die.

The feathered songsters fill the happy woods,
Construct their nests, and hatch their hungry broods.
Wandering the fields, and meadows green among,
They find sweet morsels for their callow young.
Along the flowery streams they warble too,
Mingling their music with the morning dew ;
Quick seize the sluggish bug, or buzzing fly,
Or doom some unsuspecting worm to die.
Sweet Mocking bird, what shall be said of thee,
Thou feathered seraph of the field and tree ?
Was ever yet thy golden throat unstrung ?
Or ever was a note by thee unsung,
While always warbling in a sea of song ?
Gushing with rapture thy glad soul away,
Thou spend'st in music all the summer day,
And break'st the stillness of the solemn night,
Midst the dark shadows, or the moonshine bright !
If Heaven be gracious to a sinless bird,

Thy charming melodies will there be heard.

Where breezes bland the dappled lillies kiss,
And fainting zephyrs languish into bliss;
Where weeping willows in the waveletts dip,
And drooping rushes from the waters sip;
Where shelt'ring rock its mossy bosom lifts,
The stately swan in quiet leisure drifts.
Proud of his arching neck and downy breast,
He floats the crystal lake in stately rest.
The prudent geese in wedge-constructed line,
With clamorous flight the winter storm divine;
Their meager hosts to feathered legions swell,
And by their course the winter storm foretell.
They swarm the lakes, infest the sunny bays,
And fill the startled air with clamorous lays.
The migratory ducks pursue their track,
The royal mallard and the canvas-back.
Taught cunning lore by Providence as well,
They by their flight the changing seasons tell.
The pigmy didapper, in shady pool,
Laving his breast amid the ripples cool,
With cunning art the swooping falcon spies,
And with quick dip eludes his searching eyes.
Minnows and molusks form his dainty food.
Nor does he swim in flocks as larger brood.

The lordly eagle poised on outspread wings,
From the tall mountain cliff exultant springs ;
Fixing his fiery eye upon the sun,
His golden plumes in mazy circles run,
Till upward gone beyond the anxious gaze;
He proudly plunges mid the dazzling blaze.
His callow eaglets in the beetling cleft,
In safety mantled, but in hunger left,
Greet his return with glad obstreperous wings,
While to their clamorous mouths the food he brings.

Among the starry host Jehovah stood,
Surveyed His works, and saw that all were good.
Like some great engine skilled in every part,
Conceived by wisdom and combined with art ;
The lesser wheels on larger wheels impinged,
And sturdy shafts with pitmans true ininged,
Adjusted bands and pivots firm supplied,
The Master's model, and the Builder's pride.
The basal mass of rocks and metals prime,
Of which mountains are built, and hills sublime,
And all the varied sections of the land,
Before His eyes in pleasing order stand.
The nodding forests, and the flowery meads,
The waving prairies, clothed with grass and weeds ;
The flowing streams, and gushing fountains clear,

And the wide seas before His eyes appear.
The busy insects, and the wandering herds,
The scaly serpents, and the feathered birds,
The flouncing fishes, and the fleecy clouds,
And chrystal atmosphere that all enshrouds,
The twinkling orbs that light the vaulted skies,
In matchless beauty spread before His eyes;
While sun and moon, with these in order set,
Unbounded joy within His heart beget.
Four Realms of life, their bounding lines complete,
With finished works, the great Creator greet.

Phrenetic Realm, the world with joy awaits,
Which fruitful Destiny by skill creates.
Then spake the Lord with loving accents true,
"Let us make man in our own image due;
And let them have dominion over all,
That they may rule this sublunary ball,
And be its honored lords from pole to pole."
From the Omnific Father's hand he came,
Moulded of dust, a fair celestial frame;
Noble in stature, perfect in every part,
Passing the skill of statuary art.
But life was none to thrill the beauteous mould;
No mental powers his faculties unfold.
The Spirit then with quickening essence full,

Into his nostrils breathed the living soul,
As tuneful organ without sounding reed,
Consigns to silence what it owes to need,
So man was dumb of mental powers possessed,
And thus confined within his silent breast.
To give him skill his godlike thoughts to teach,
The Word supplied the faculty of speech.

A living creature now man rose complete,
Not prone as beast, but rectile on his feet,
With honor crowned, than angels little less,
And golden speech his Maker's name to bless.
The spark of reason caught from Heaven high.
Glows in his breast and flashes from his eye;
But to his will the fatal gift consigned,
To error pervious, but for truth designed;
Else had he been a sublunary brute,
In action slavish, but in mind astute.
As grappling anchor tossing ship restrains,
Safe in its harbor while the tempest reigns;
So Faith bound man in fealty to God,
And Innocence on his soul sweet Peace bestowed.
In subtlety the cunning Serpent came,
And through seduction waked the lustful flame
Of fierce Desire, forbidden fruit to taste,
And of his innocence made woeful waste.

Then went his erring soul to dreadful wrack,
Like wayward engine thrown athwart its track,
And hurled to ruin with its shattered train,
Helpless to reach its equipoise again.
In lust and sin his wretched being ran,
From the sad hour his erring race began.
Five grades of life his ruined self combined,
But Sin corrupted what Love had refined.
Then Prophets came God's righteous claims to urge,
His sinful soul from Guilt and Shame to purge;
So the commandment came from Heaven above,
With frown of Justice mixed, and smile of Love
Like light displayed on what the Dark concealed,
It showed the Good, and all the Bad revealed.
As the gray dawn foretells the coming day,
Driving the fogs and shades of night away,
Clearing the misty landscape for the sun;
So for the gospel work of law is done,
And by its aid frail, fallen men are led,
To see their helplessness, and Christ to wed.
Schoolmaster thus the Statute comes to be,
Leading to Christ in trustful charity.

How shall my Muse in glad heroic strain,
Omit God's best and latest gift to man?
Not from the sordid clay she blushing came,

But from a vital part of Adam's frame.
The sturdy Rib that propped his laboring heart,
Sought wider sphere, to act a nobler part.
Of conscious bone was built a Thing of life;—
The blushing Woman then became a wife,
Then Mother, with her honor still enlarged,
The highest function of her race discharged;
Now woman, wife and mother doubly dear,
She fills with triple majesty her threefold sphere.
So her soft heart in spotless honor rayed,
Be by Emmanuel's mighty scepter swayed,
To her the conquest of the world is given,
And glittering crown awaits her brow in heaven.

Now Seraphim, their hands enwrapped in flame,
With burnished keys to outer Spheroid came:
The seventh Realm, with jasper walls insphered,
Where Jehovah dwells upon His throne adored.
Gates open flew, and pure, celestial light,
Poured forth in floods upon Emmanuel's sight.
About the throne the bright Shekinah blazed,
And on his Father's court Messiah gazed.
Bright Seraph's wings in sea of glory waved,
And tides of light their snowy bosoms laved.
The golden harps with strains of music rang,
And angel-tongues celestial anthems sang.

'Twas morning there, and such as dawns not here,
Upon this wretched, sin-beclouded sphere.
For counsel deep the Triinty prepare ;
Cellestial hearts the pending issue share.
The solemn scenes that pass in grandeur there,
A fixed relation to Time's record bear.
Integral parts of the blest scheme of grace,
They stand affixed to Adam's fallen race.

On the black chaos of this ruined world,
The vengeance of an angry God was hurled,
And soon were men by vengeful wrath consumed,
Had not sweet Mercy in Heaven's bosom bloomed.
Love woke afresh, and to the rescue ran,
Spread her bright wings, and wept o'er ruined man.
Then Pity moved the mighty Triune Lord,
And stayed the vengeance of the flaming sword.
Sat throned upon the brow of Deity,
Such look as calms the storm-incumbered sea.
While angels dumb their snowy wings outspread,
To the blest Word the doting Father said :

"Thou art my Son ; I have begotten thee,
In mortal pain to die on Calvary.
The seed of woman ; fruit of virgin womb,
And veiled in human flesh thou art become.

A godless world from wretchedness and sin,
By meek obedience and death to win.
Thy property the Heathen shall become,
And utmost parts of earth thy rich heirloom;
Thy nursing-fathers kings shall haste to be,
And queens thy nursing-mothers thou shalt see;
The great Destroyer, Satan, thou shalt slay,
And snatch his scepter and his crown away.
Death shall be crushed beneath thy royal heel,
And men no more his mortal sting shall feel.
O'er the wide world the truth shall spread through
thee,
As waters cover the broad-bottomed sea;
The travail of thy soul shall satisfy,
And fill the spacious earth, and boundless sky;
Thy sounding praise the tongues of men shall tune,
Where glows the shining sun, and smiles the moon,
And the bright stars their mazy courses run."

Then seized their harps the joyful hosts on high,
And with glad voices rang the vaulted sky;
"Go forth Almighty Word, thy work perform,
The maddened waves control, and rule the storm;
Plant thy proud heel on Sin, and Death, and Hell;
Heaven's mighty love in gentlest accents tell;
Angels will follow in thy gracious work as well."

How some grand organ kept in silence long,
Marshals its muttering thunders into song;
Softly and distant wake the rumbling tones,
Break forth in ecstacies, then die in groans;
Then wailing chords o'erleap the low refrains,
And fill the air with sweet, ecstatic strains;
Till harmonies their pealing echoes ring,
'Mid happy throngs that in glad concert sing;
Now sudden stops, as if quite emptied all,
While prayerful crowds in supplication fall.
So ceased in heaven the song of Jubilee,
And fell bright hosts in prostrate ecstasy.
In heaven was stillness, after storm of song,
The winged hosts, and sapphire thrones among.
Like solemn calm when winds and billows sleep,
Till rising sea comes rolling o'er the deep;
Then the huge waves awake from placid rest,
And move in grandeur o'er the ocean's breast;
So the blest Word with solemn voice and sweet,
The silence breaks their waiting souls to greet.

Almighty God, bright Essence, One in Three,
Pure Unity expressed in Trinity;
Dwelling in light incomprehensible,
In holiness irreprehensible;
Alone immortal, knowing no decay,

Boundless Thy life, Thy age eternal day.
Pure Wisdom Thou, and absolute in Truth,
Immutable in will, fadeless in youth.
Soul of all goodness and parental care,
Thy creatures all Thy benefactions share.
Where space or matter is Thy Deity is there.
Angels and men Thy handiwork were made,
Denizens of life in Reason's royal grade,
And blessed, in fealty to Thee confined,
But, lapsed in sin, to misery consigned.
Bounded is thought by what it feeds upon,
And vicious food infirmity brings on;
So human minds can never reach beyond,
The sensual things, of which the soul is fond.
Moral disease must ever weigh them down,
From erring foot to sin-polluted crown.
When plodding Reason after truth inquires,
And far beyond its native sphere aspires,
Its false deductions do but run awry,
And in presumption godly things deny.
The soul must higher realm of life enjoy,
E'er it can higher faculties employ.
Those born of flesh, but flesh can understand,
Since like begetteth like on every hand;
So born of Spirit must each mortal be,
E'er he can Heaven's holy Kingdom see,

And come again to God in filial fealty.
A new creation, then, must crown the whole,
And into Heaven's Realm immerge the soul.
Reason's clear light it must the more possess,
But make its guide unerring Consciousness.
Since purer creatures higher spheres enjoy,
And grander tasks their higher powers employ,
Serving their Maker with a purpose true,
And feasting happy hearts on pleasures too ;
So Grace must Adam's children quite renew,
And with new vision their blind souls imbue.
I go, most Holy One, at thy command,
Amid the wretched sons of earth to stand.
A body fit hast thou prepared for me,
In virgin womb, the shrine of Chastity.
Thus subject made to pure and righteous law,
Infirmity from mortal it shall draw,
To taste the bitterness of human woes,
And hang on Calvary in dying throes.
This sacrifice shall Justice pleased accept,
Since thus in honor hath the law been kept ;
Both in preceptive, and in penal forms,
And holy spirit, which the deed confirms.
The sting of Death, quenched in atoning blood,
No more can harm those to transgression dead,
Whose life is hid in me their everlasting Head.

Born from above, of incorruptible seed,
Upon the word of God they glad shall feed,
Walking with love the Holy Spirit in,
And having souls freed from the power of sin.
Adam no longer is their federal head,
And law of work to them in me is dead.
Grace is the covenant in which they stand,
Kept sure, through faith, by Thy almighty hand.
No bleeding lamb on smoking altar burns,
Nor mitred priests perform their weary turns;
But Christ shall enter, once for all, the skies,
And plead his own vicarious sacrifice.
Lo in the volume of the book shall be,
"I come to do thy will, O Deity."

Shone forth the Spirit full like midday sun,
And threw a dazzling halo round the throne.
Then words imbreathed in sin-atoning flame,
Forth from the Holy Oracle of heaven came;
"Almighty Word, the generous task pursue,
To fit rebellious men for grace anew.
Through foul Apostasy they steep in death,
And deeper plunged are they at every breath;
Since Adam is their carnal federal head,
He dying, they are in him also dead.
The law of works its cruel scepter holds,

Over their souls, and the dark curse unfolds.
Apostate angels thus from heaven fell,
And God's fierce wrath prepared the pit of hell,
In which they cursed must after Judgment dwell.
Hail Sovereign Grace! man's only hope of heaven,
Through whom the promised Savior now is given!
He spills his pure and sin-atoning blood,
To reconcile a ruined race to God.
Since man's vile nature lies debauched in sin,
Besotted Reason's clouded realm within;
Since moral chaos rude his soul disturbs,
And all his faculties with evil curbs;
Just as at first Dame Nature's life to keep,
The Spirit brooded o'er the dismal deep,
Selected Matter from the formless mass,
And made confusion into order pass;
Through the blest Word brought rays of light from
heaven,
And gloomy Night from his dark throne was driven;
So o'er the chaos of the soul must brood,
The quick'ning Spirit of the living God;
So must the Word unfold the kindling light,
Amid the shadows of the soul's dark night.
Infused must be the truth within the mind,
Quickened by Spirit into generous kind,
And borne to birth within the pregnant soul,

Then purged from taint of fallen nature foul,
Thus creature new, vile, ruined man becomes,
And into realm of spiritual life he comes.
He sees the beauty of most holy things,
He tastes the waters from the living springs,
He hears the words of God's instruction given,
He feels the joys and ecstasies of heaven,
And breathes the incense from blest Calvary driven."

Thus solemn covenant of grace was formed,
Heaven's awful seal with blood the deed confirmed,
And by Himself the Triune God did swear,
Through all the earth The Tidings Good to bear.
Then Seraph-fingers touched Emmanuel's eyes,
And the bright vision vanished from the skies.
As when Eve's ebon shadow veils the sun,
After the glowing Day his course hath run,
Night's dusky canopy creeps on apace,
And draws its sombre shade o'er nature's face;
So when the wondrous vision passed away,
'Twas as the night had chased away the day.
Lay at Emmanuel's feet, as in a tomb,
A ruined world in sin, despair, and gloom.
Then shone the Word of God in streams of light,
And stars of Truth illumed the gloomy night.
The presence of the Deity was shed,

In boundless unction on Emmanuel's head.
Then fell, a second time, Sin's morning Star,
And quenched his baleful beams in black despair.
Not as in Paradise had prospered he,
Slaving first man, and his posterity.
The second Man his conqueror proved to be,
And stood unmoved in filial fealty;
From whom a new posterity shall come,
To seal upon him his infernal doom.
As Adam first by feasting dropped his crown,
By fasting Christ confirmed his royal throne;
What lost first Adam by concupiscence,
The second Adam gained by continence.

Go forth, Imperial Prince, with living words,
Thou King of Kings, and mighty Lord of lords!
Gird on thy sword of truth and righteousness,
And free a suffering world from dark distress!
Drive thy proud chariot o'er apostate kings,
Till earth's glad heart a grateful paean sings!
On golden Virtues build thy steadfast throne,
And with Truth's brilliants deck thy glittering crown.
Mid Sin's dark night pour forth the beams of day,
And chase the gloom of Error's clouds away.
Poor suffering men a purer life shall crave,
And lust, and crime to dark oblivion leave.
Then thy glad kingdom to Thy Father give,
And with thy ransomed brothers on the new-made
earth survive.

BOOK IV.

MORNING.

'Tis solar midnight, as men count the time,
Eve's hours and Morn's are running into rhyme.
The silent stars that deck the solemn sky,
Mark the glad moments as they heavenward fly.
'Tis Hell's dark midnight, as God counts the time;
Angels their stations hold in heaven sublime.
With flaming lamps along the jasper wall,
They wait in rapture for the Master's call.
The world lies dreaming in a vale of tears,
Trembling in sorrow, between hopes and fears.
The cry resounds, "Behold the Bridegroom comes!
Attend the Prince Emmanuel as he roams.
He goes to wake from tombs the slumb'ring dead,
And plant his feet upon the Serpent's head."
Flew then the winged Virtues round their Lord,
Eager to catch the accents of his word.
They come to dwell in the sad hearts of men,
And lead them back to peace and Heaven again.
Faith, Hope and Love led on the valiant van,
While marshalled legions in the rearward ran.
Faith's gallant comrades stood in armor bright,
And shone like brilliants in a blaze of light.

Sturdy Belief Salvation's helmet bore,
Unswerving Trust the righteous breastplate wore;
Girdle of Truth encircled Courage true,
And Service came prepared with gospel shoe.
Stalked forth Assurance clad in tripple steel,
Who no vile sword, or hostile spear might feel.
Her armor wrought by blest Experience came,
Made pure and bright in Tribulation's flame.
Knowledge appeared, robust in stalwart youth,
Her treasury filled with jewels given by Truth.
Faith's armorbearer she, in Danger's field;
Her skill contrived the dart-destroying shield.
These with bright cohorts round Emmanuel stood,
To conquer on the field of martyr-blood.

Hope, like the fabled Dian, joyful sped,
With wreath of rainbows on her royal head.
Her comrades reared on mountain tops of joy,
Their bosoms blest with pleasing thoughts employ.
They catch from Pleasure's face the rosy beams,
And weave them into happy, golden dreams;
They spread o'er breaking hearts their snowy wings,
And cheerless deserts charm to chrystal springs;
Change wastes of grief to gardens of delight,
And fill with glitt'ring stars dark Sorrow's night.
They fly in haste before the winged hours,

And strew the earth with ever-blooming flowers ;
They mix with solace sweet the cup of pain,
And bring to faded cheeks their glow again ;
They stand by tombs of broken-hearted love,
And point the mourners to a home above ;
Where'er the shades of black Despair are spread,
They shed their blessings on the mourner's head ;
And now they come Emmanuel to greet,
And place their radiant rainbows at his feet.
So long by Satan driven from homes of men,
They yearn to cheer poor bleeding hearts again.
The armor worn by this bright angel-band,
Was wrought in heaven by God's almighty hand ;
No fiend's dark bosom can its valiant force withstand.

Love fresh from heaven before Emmanuel stood,
Clad in bright glory from the throne of God.
Legions of angels with their flaming swords,
Wait in meek silence on her gracious words.
Might she, if ordered, by a single breath,
Create a world, or sink a fiend in death.
'Twas she whose bosom yearned for dying men,
To win their souls from Death, and Hell, and Sin ;
And she it was inspired Emmanuel's heart,
To take for men the guilty culprit's part.
Love brooded o'er the abyss of chaos wild,
And changed confusion into order mild.

When Nature nestled in the arms of Night,
She smote the Darkness and, said, "Let be light!"
When stars were kindled in the azure blue,
Her radiant mantle over them she threw.
With golden threads she binds the circling worlds,
And each bright planet round its centre whirls.
Suns, hast'ning, to her glowing shrine repair,
Bathe in her beams, and light their torches there.
To every soul a tuneful harp she gives,
And sings a song in every heart that lives.
The doting consort wears her golden chain,
And happy households own her gentle reign;
E'en brutish breasts she binds with tender ties,
And wipes the briny grief from Sorrow's eyes.
She warms the ashes in dead Friendship's urn,
And makes the bosom of the stranger burn.
She gives its fragrance to the sweet bouquet,
And plucks the thorn from Passion's rose away.
An unction puts she on the preacher's tongue,
And holy zest when Zion's songs are sung.
Her sacred rhetoric the soul inspires,
And melts the heart with penitential fires.
With gentle hand the stubborn will she binds,
And rules with pleasing sway rebellious minds.
When holy truth is lodged in sober thought,
'Tis by her warmth to ripened harvest brought.

The strongest link in Virtue's tripple chain,
When fail the rest, her golden ties remain.
She is the substance of the Triune God,
And buds in promises on Aaron's rod.
Of heaven's bliss she is the mighty spring,
The theme of songs that holy angels sing.
She made the thunders of grim Sinai tame,
And dread Shekinah burn with milder flame.
But for her unction God would Tyrant be,
And demons men without her sympathy.
The Night of Sin would end in black despair,
Were Heaven to frown, redeeming Love not there.

Now with their Chiefs the Princely Virtues come,
To rescue wretched mortals from their doom.
Round King Emmanuel stand the shining host,
Testing who might, or bless, or serve him most.
Friendship, and triple guard, a noble band,
Truth, Trust, and Admiration, with him stand,
Chaplets of blooming roses bind their brows,
And breastplates glittering with golden vows;
The ruby Fancies in the roses hide,
And wave their fairy wings on every side.
Kindness appears, princess of royal line,
Of mixed descent, half human, half divine;
Blest progeny, inbred on mundane shore,

Whom royal Love to holy Friendship bore,
From her clean heart fountains of Favor flow,
Her cordial smiles shed fragrance where they glow,
Mong friends her deeds are turned to mutual bliss,
Live coals when strewn upon the heads of enemies.

Two sisters haunt the solitudes of earth,
From Goodness sprung at one celestial birth;
One wears a crown, by angel-fingers wrought,
With jewels bright, gemmed in the shop of thought;
Benevolence, the friend of God and man,
Whose bosom ripe the milk of kindness ran.
From whose warm breast the bashful Wishes come,
Like happy swallows from their mountain home,
To build their nests 'neath every friendly roof,
And keep the pangs of Sorrow's hawk aloof.
Beneficence the other, misnamed Charity;
In heaven a joy,—on earth a rarity.
Lo, on her breast the square and compass see,
And in her hands tools of good Industry!
Hers is to scan the royal trestle-board,
And do the bidding of the Master's word.
Prudence directs her busy hands by day,
And Temperance calls from toil to rest away.
Three Graces follow;—sweet Docility,
Meekness demure, and blest Humility.

Fairest 'mong cherubs, Mercy came in haste,
And on Emmanuel's breast a tear she placed,
Which, wonderful to tell, grew to such flood,
As o'er his sacred vest ran streams of blood;
And such pure grace the sanguine tides impart,
To cleanse from guilt the sinner's contrite heart.
Mercy, the blest Niobe of the skies,
Offspring of grief, sprang from love's weeping eyes,
In beauteous form full grown, and matchless fair,
And with her tears fills heaven, and earth, and air.
Then Pity came with soft, and tender soul,
Mercy's first-born, whom melting Sighs control.
Led forth by them to Suffering's weary couch,
She soothes its victims with her gentle touch.
Forgiveness came, with armor none imbued,
Whose airy frame invulnerable stood;
For of such mould her substance is impact,
As heals her wounds, so soon as she is hacked
In any part by ax, or thrust by sword,
Or mutilate by look, or deed, or word.
Great pain she 'scapes, and burning fever's fret,
By not fomenting what she may forget.
No ugly scars disfigure her fair frame,
But fresh and rosy, as from heaven, she came.

Conscience, unerring priestess of the soul,

When Heaven-inspired, and under Truth's control,,
Brings forth her royal banner snowy-white,
'Neath whose broad folds they walk, who serve the
right.

In her strong hand she wields a two-edge-sword,
To smite the wretch that disobeys her word;
And royal scepter, for the purpose given,
To rule the heart, and point the soul to heaven.
Of valiant signal-bearers three possessed;
Discretion, Judgment, and Purity the blest.
Th' unerring Oracles Discretion reads,
Learning 'twixt germs of Truth and Error's seeds.
Judgment her scales with steady hand suspends,
Testing where Folly starts, where Wisdom ends.
A limbec Purity, vile thoughts to cleanse,
As rays transmitted through a chrystal lense.
The snow-white Motives from pure thoughts proceed,
Of whom are born each spotless word and deed.
These standard-bearers for their noble queen,
Lead men Remorse and filthy Lust between.
Choosing the ways of Pleasantness and Ease.
They walk the paths of Quietude and Peace. .
Woe to the wretch whom Conscience fails to guide,
Whose erring steps from Virtue turn aside;
Like drifting ship, compass and rudder lost,
By winds and waves of guilty passion tossed,

On rocks of death his ruined soul must land,
Far from the reach of Mercy's helping hand.

Pride; not the fallen Virtue, but his mate,
Who stood with Lucifer in holy state,
E'er Sin had entered heaven and torn its peace.
But when the proud Archangel sought release,
From his allegiance to the Blessed Word,
Proclaimed in heaven Redemption's Mighty Lord,
Then storm arose amid the heavenly host,
And Lucifer, on waves of thunder tossed,
Was headlong hurled, and his infernal band,
By fiery tempest from fierce Michael's hand,
Down to the gloomy Shades of Death and Hell,
In Hades foul with Horrors dire to dwell;
In his first evil scheme of sin undone,
To bring the triumph of God's Mighty Son.
Else were not Justice and sweet Mercy known,
And could not holy Love for guilt atone;
And else unborn Salvation's wondrous plan,
The sinless Deity redeeming sinful man.
Satan his name since his rebellious fall,
And by that name they him in heaven call;
The false Accuser, from base Avatice sprung,
Author of Malice and the lying Tongue.
And so false Pride went with his master down,

Leaving behind his honor and his crown.
But holy Pride remained in heaven the same,
And with untarnished crown to Emmanuel came.
From Honor sprung and nursed by good Esteem,
She strives to be, and not in show to seem;
Doting on qualities that Heaven approves,
She wicked Folly hates, and Wisdom loves.
Now comes chaste Pleasure on her rosy wings,
And smiling Mirth as company she brings;
Twin sisters they of innocent Delight,
Sprung from the loins of sober Appetite.
Lust now the name to fallen Pleasure given,
Since she forsook her royal seat in heaven;
For Heaven's concord at the first obtained
Dual helpmates in each rank contained.
As triune God in harmony exists,
So dual Virtue in concord consists.
As music wrung from sounding reeds grows strong
By octave stops uniting in one song;
And how sweet harmony to song is lent,
By playing more than single instrument;
So dual Virtue swelled the bliss of heaven,
As each to each a counterpart was given.
But when the Counterparts dislinked their chain,
And one of each forsook its mutual reign,
It thence became a base and loathsome Vice,

And lost its home in holy Paradise.
Then came the Vices to sublunar shore,
Wearing the masks of what they were before;
Each one inspired with foul and filthy sprite,
To whelm the souls of men in Error's night.
Satan at first the dastard scheme began,
By leading into sin the pristine man;
Then o'er the earth his hellish minions roamed,
And with fell Hate each holy Virtue doomed;
Not only one fair Paradise destroyed,
But into death a thousand more decoyed.
Thus when the root of Sin was torn from heaven,
On earth to grow a ghastly tree 'twas given.
Like horrid Upas rising from its mound,
With tangled roots farspreading through the ground,
Its towering branches overhang the land,
And 'neath its deadly shade the people stand.
Its roots decocted breed foreboding fears,
Its fruits when tasted turn to bitter tears,
Its leaves o'ershadow every earthly thing,
And every mortal feels its deadly sting.
While the bright Virtues, clad in heavenly mood,
In glittering cohorts round Emmanuel stood,
Glowed each warm bosom with heaven-born desire,
And burned each Spirit with celestial fire.
With flashing eyes, and glowing hearts they cry:

"We conquer, Lord, or with our Leader die."

Then stalked the Royal Virtues from the throne,
Their honored Sovran well-approved to own;
The Word adored, with mortal flesh innate,
And thus in love and pity doubly Great.
Eternal Life within his soul was stored,
And mixed th' immortal with the mortal word.
Thus had he power to raise from mortal sin,
And men from all-devouring Death to win.
A well of living water thus he bore,
Which, when men drink, they thirst shall never more;
And from his lips came bread abundantly,
Which, if men eat, ne'er hungry more they be.
The water types the Spirit's power to cleanse,
And Sin's dark stains from quickened souls to rinse;
The bread instruction by the word of God,
The mind's delight, the soul's immortal food,
On which the saints shall evermore be fed,
Nor ever more by Sin and filthy Lust be led.
The Holy Paraclete within is fixed,
And His pure seed with all their thoughts is mixed.
Their human nature may to lust incline,
But God controls it by His grace divine,
Nor ever will His saints to Death resign.

The Fiend called Fate by blind and erring men,
A monstrous Myth, unjust hath always been;
For while with fickle skill her threads are spun,
Some savages are blessed, some saints undone.
The power that shapes the destinies of men,
May largely in their sinful selves be seen;
Inclined to Error as they're prone to breath,
They choose themselves the ways that lead to death.
Life, like a fabric of the toilsome loom,
Is wrought by labor, not decreed by doom.
Our thoughts the subtle threads that form the woof,
Spun through the intellect refined or rough;
Duty, the Master that the model spreads,
Habit the batten, that compacts the threads;
Deeds are the figures that the work adorn,
The gems of Virtue or the fruits of Scorn.
Time is the shuttle that the filling scapes,
That types the action, and the conduct shapes;
The Will the weaver urging full control,
Who plans the pattern, and completes the whole.

If the unyielding Will is linked with Hell,
How can the life be finished true and well?
With all its fondled schemes it comes to naught,
And in dishonor down to death is brought.
But when the docile Will is leagued with Heaven,

Then come the Virtues with their fairest forms,
And spread the pattern o'er with living charms.
The work proceeds with happy haste along,
Glow with glad piety, and rings with song;
The loving labor and the holy strife,
End in Salvation and Eternal Life.

Om-ni-pu-is-sance came with giant stride,
And stood obedient at Emmanuel's side.
With brawny arms He props the solid worlds,
And into boundless space huge planets hurls.
He holds on glowing thrones the fiery suns,
And round the planets whirls their shining moons:
He rears the mountains on their steadfast base,
And guides the rivers in their stately race;
Within His fists the struggling storms He binds,
And in His rage He breathes the roaring winds;
In muffled thunder His dread voice He shrouds,
And makes it burst in terror from the clouds.
The awful comets are His chariots bright,
Wand'ring the frightened realms of sable night.
He curbs the ocean with His awful wand,
And tames its billows with His mighty hand.
His potent lips call forth the slumb'ring dead,
And fill all Hades with foreboding dread.
To Prince Emmanuel came He now with haste,

And in his grasp the mighty scepter placed.

Om-nis-ci-ence came, who with all-seeing gaze,
The present, future, and the past surveys;
Whose ruling skill the wheeling compass staid,
When deep foundations for the worlds were laid;
Measured their volumes with unerring line,
And made them on their steady axles spin;
Mixed them in mazes of concentric orbs,
And bridled their velocities with curbs;
Kindled vast suns to be bright lamps of day,
While in their beams the whirling planets play;
Spun out the fluid atmosphere that robes
The rugged surface of these pond'rous globes;
Tempered the heat that nature's vitals warms,
And mixed the light in bright prismatic forms;
With the blest change of night and pleasing day,
Gave balmy sleep to drive dull care away;
To land and water gave divided reign,
The pictured landscape, and the solemn main,
And strewed the earth with luscious fruit and golden
grain.

Alternate seasons hold their pleasing sway,
Each brings its bounty, and then glides away.
Wisdom's rich treasures heaped in full supply,
Unbounded store, in His deep bosom lie;

Of knowledge infinite, a vast profound,
A rich reserve, in all His works abound.
How living creatures from Dame Nature's loom,
How bristling Frost and feathered snowflakes come,,
How showering rain insphered in crystal globes,
To clothe the fields in everblooming robes,
How stealthy dew, that floats upon the breeze,
To wash the flowrets, and refresh the trees,
The gentle Christ, with knowing mind imbued,
All this vast learning in his mind reviewed;
Not vague as man, but as Jehovah knew,
And was equipped his gracious work to do.

U-biq-ui-ty, of no form or shape possessed!
Of size immense, by finite terms expressed,
Enormous whole, containing every part;
No place involves, but Every Where thou art!
Of life the soul, of motion all, the spring,
Containing every place and every thing!
No image types, nor transportation bears,
Nor several organs wields, nor garments wears.
Time none affects, nor bounding lines restrain;
Duration Absolute, all time and space sustain.
Of substance none impact, nor matter formed,
By no cold ether chilled, nor calor warmed.
I AM thy name, and everywhere thy place,

Almightiness thy throne, Eternity thy days!
Or if of Substance complicate thou art,
Mixed with the gross the pure ethereal part;
All spiritual Essence, then, thy Spirit holds,
And in its bosom everything enfolds.
Suns are the molecules that build thy frame,
And stars bright atoms that around them flame;
Heaven is the local of thy glorious heart,
From which thou dost thy love to all impart.
The central Orb round which all Nature swings,
Thine eye beholding all created things.
Thine arms the powers that bind the rolling worlds,
And Light the garment that thy Form enfolds.
The earth thy footstool, cursed with toil unblest,
To place thy weary feet when thou dost rest.
All pleasant things that grief and pain beguile,
Or interludes 'twixt sin and suffering ill,
Are but the scattered radiance of thy smile.
The grateful breezes and the balmy airs,
Thy breath, to calm sin's parching fever's fires,
And soothe with pity's touch man's dull, corroding
cares.
But clothe Emmanuel, Mighty Everywhere,
And send him forth with blessings rich and rare.
Where'er thou art, Whate'er thou art, in him,
Give suffering men from sin and grief and endless in-
terim.

If evil be the offal of thy frame,
And sin the dregs that of digestion came,
Send him Physician forth the bane to heal,
And set on his blest work thy sov'reign seal.

As brilliant stars attend the rising morn,
Crown the new day, and parting night adorn,
While comes the sun with bright and rosy gleams,
And pours upon the earth his radiant beams;
So twelve bright stars the brow of Truth array,
While she leads forth the world's glad gospel day,
And drives the shades of Sin's dark night away.
Sobriety, bright Hesperus of the train,
Honor that ne'er hath known a filthy stain,
Right, whose firm foot hath never slipped the path,
Justice, that neither yields to bribe nor wrath,
Blest Equity, that hoards no selfish gains,
Esteem, that virtue owns and vice 'disdains,
Integrity, incased in golden bands,
That fears no stroke from foul Detraction's hands,
Sweet Continnence, enrobed in spotless white,
Pure in her thoughts, and words, and deeds, and even
sight.

Honesty, that cannot speak or act the lie,
Though for the truth she may be doomed to die,
And in dishonored martyr's grave may lie;

Ease, gentle sovereign giving soul repose,
And Peace, that from meek piety o'erflows.
Magnanimity's broad beams the whole inclose.
Truth came with these bright Jewels born her own,
And on Emmanuel's brow she placed the crown;
Then lit a lamp within his soul to shine,
And tuned his lips with Eloquence divine.

Next Holiness appeared in sober mood,
With light enrobed; the garment of a god.
Amid the throng she stood in dazzling grace;
No eye might gaze upon her sacred face;
And floods of brilliance glowed about her throne,
As come at midday from the summer sun.
She filled Emmanuel's soul with glory bright,
And made his sacred garments shining white.
A kiss she deigned upon his lips to place,
That clad in glory, 'bove the sun, his face.

The Spirit then with holy Unction came,
And filled his soul with sin-consuming flame,
That mid the calm composure of his heart,
Might no rude wave of guilty passion start;
That his meek eyes with Mercy's drops might weep,
And o'er his steps their sacred vigils keep.

Goodness whose bosom no vile malice knows,
From whose kind heart eternal favor flows ;
Whose busy hands motives of mercy urge,
And whose pure thoughts from evil actions purge,
In ruddy health, from whose maternal home,
The budding Graces, blooming Virtues come ;
Firstborn of Love, in early virgin youth,
Begot in plighted faith by honest Truth.
Their royal children all God's creatures are.
Some their kind mother's happy features bear,
Some the stern visage of their father wear,
But all descended from this royal pair.
Goodness brings bounteous stores of treasured grace,
To flow in streams on Adam's guilty race ;
And sends Emmanuel forth with longing heart,
That Heaven's love he might to men impart,
And in their stead might taste Death's bitter smart.

These are the forces, these the champions brave,
Through whom Messiah shall his people save.
On the bright banner that above them floats,
Each loyal heart with proud devotion dotes ;
For conflict sharp they bare their glittering swords,
And eager stand t' obey their Chieftain's words.
From heaven the marshalled legions come with joy,
Their forces in the conflict to employ,

And save lost men, to Hell the helpless prey.
Like fire in Emmanuel's breast the Spirit flows,
And all his mighty soul with ardor glows.
His anxious thoughts toward sacred Jordan move,
Made sacred by the sunny cloud, and holy dove,
And made immortal by the resurrection wave;
Where Hope's bright smiles prophetic tokens shed,
That God should raise from tombs the sainted dead.
For hours he lingered on the solemn shore,
And did his Father's mighty love adore,
That should by grace a fallen world restore.

The Harbinger and his disciples stand,
Preaching "Repent! Heaven's Kingdom is at hand."
When the meek Jesus, passing by, he spied,
"Behold the holy 'Lamb of God!' " he cried;
"Who doth himself, the world's Sin offering provide."
This Andrew heard, of John's disciples one,
And did to Jesus with excitement run,
Calling for Simon in his ecstasy;
"Come, brother, come, and the Messiah see!
The Christ foretold in holy prophecy!"
The modest John then joined their company.
The ensuing day Emmanuel Philip spied,
And took him, a disciple, to his side.
Phillip Nathaniel to the Savior led,

And to his doubting brother joyful said:
"Lo, we have found the Just and Holy One,
Jesus of Nazareth, peasant Joseph's son;
Of whom meek Moses in the Scriptures wrote,
And holy prophets in their visions taught."
Nathaniel rejoined with bated breath,
"Can any good come out of Nazareth?"
Phillip replied, "If thou assured wilt be,
Away with stupid doubt, and come and see."
The gentle Christ with kind, approving smile,
"Behold an Israelite in whom there is no guile."
"Whence knowest thou me?" Nathaniel rejoined,
"That I have found a friend so good and kind."
Jesus, "The foliage of yon far fig-tree,
Could not conceal thee from Ubiquity."
"Rabbi, thou art the very Son of God,
The holy Stem of Jesse's royal rod."
"Because, Nathaniel, thou believest on me,
Greater than this thou many things shalt see.
Angels thine eyes shall, lit with wonder, scan,
Ascending and descending on the Son of man."
Lord of fifth realm Emmanuel came to be,
And proved by fact his own Ubiquity.

Jesus now turns his steps to Gallilee,
To seek once more his honored family,

Where mother dwells and loved companions wait,
To hear the footfalls of his welcome feet.
And his loved voice once more with joy to greet.
How sweet the meetings of dear ones renewed,
After the tedium of dull solitude!
Whose joys, like roses after bleak winter's reign,
Blossom anew when summer comes again.
A marriage feast the prudent dames provide,
For Cana's damsel who becomes a bride.
The honest peasants in their artless glee,
Call to their bosoms Joseph's family.
Thus Jesus did a festive guest become,
And with his five disciples graced their home.
The well-trimmed lamps with cheerful brilliance shine,
While round the marriage scene the guests combine.
The sober sires, and prudent dames preside,
And flows the ruby wine a rosy tide.
Not mixed with base, infernal drugs it came,
To kindle in the blood unholy flame,
But from the purple clusters pure-expressed,
It woke the flush of health within the breast;
The social virtues, with their honored Lord.
Spread their bright plumage o'er the festal board.
Chaste Pleasure showered from her rosy wings,
A store of sweets from which Contentment springs.
Glad, mimic Mirth, with playful Frolic reigns,

And Prudence binds them with her silken chains.
Blest Hospitality gives royal zest,
While sober Appetite consumes the feast,
And Love rules umpire in each genial breast.
But Penury on cruel mischief bent,
Was to the home by wicked Satan sent,
And mid the frugal feast the wine was spent.
Then spake the Virgin to her mighty Son,
Besought his notice, and his favor won.
Omnipotence straight assumed the reign,
And limpid water blushed to ruby wine.
Thus Lord of second Realm he comes to be,
And proves by miracle his proper deity.
Now Hope descends upon her cherry wings,
To the young wife a bridal wreath she brings,
And in her happy heart a song she sings.

Love makes labor light as air,
Smooths the wrinkled brow of care ;
Killeth strife with holy kiss,
Filleth weary life with bliss ;
Thinketh good where seemeth ill,
Ruleth soft the stubborn will ;
Holdeth back revengeful blow,
Maketh friend of stoutest foe ;
Lighteth gloomy paths of toil,
With golden lamps of holy oil ;

Broodeth not o'er evils past,
Leadeth up to heaven at last.
Nor cease the converse, and the sportive games,
Till Day's red torch above the landscape flames.
The cordial Wishes crown the parting scene,
And warm Affection droppeth tears between.
Hymen with bonds of blooming garlands come,
Conducts the lovers to their youthful home.
The watchful virgins with their lamps aflame,
Went forth to meet the bridegroom as he came;
Then feasting reigned within the new made home.
Until another day's bright sun had come.

How fondly drain life's cup of pure delights,
Two virtuous souls, whom wedded love unites!
The blissful hours with stealthy footsteps glide,
And through the home peace flows, a cheerful tide;
Fidelity pays Faith her plighted vows,
And wipes the dew of toil from weary brows.
But married lives in muddy torrents run,
With pure affection's tender links undone;
Unholy strife and vile suspicions come,
To wilt the flowers that in Love's garden bloom.
The Owls of scorn and Bats of hate intrude,
Build their foul nests, and hatch their loathesome
brood.

Dishonor hovers o'er the blighted home,
Which not a Paradise, but is a tomb.
Hail wedded Love! from pure celestial come,
To rule the family and charm the home.
Husband and wife united sway maintain,
And Concord holds with Trust the gentle reign.
Mother and Father, Sister, and Brother dear,
Their fondly uttered names with rapture hear.
Joy and affection multiply by years,
And wipe from wrinkled cheeks the bitter tears,
Till heaven relieves the weary of their cares.



BOOK V.

CLOUDS.

In heaven is silence now, and deep concern;
The glittering thrones with brighter glories burn.
Stood total Hell, as if transfixed with pain,
Waiting in terror the Messiah's reign,
When pregnant words from his blest lips shall spread,
A deluge of destruction on its guilty head.
As when the throes of mighty earthquake-force,
Distrain their walls and seek eruptive course;
The struggling flames contend their bars to break,
The pondrous earth, a puppet world to shake.
All nature waits in dread the mighty shock,
That rends the mountains, and piles massy rock on
rock.

Rolls forth a deluge then of liquid ire,
And sweeps the frightened land with wasting fire.
So Satan seeks his palace Pandemonium called,
Filled with deep darkness, and with horrors walled.
His guilty heart and soul as black as night,
Trembled with rage and deep-dissembled fright.
He smote his bosom filled with fiendish hate,
And on his gloomy throne in anger sat;
His tongue a tempest was, his face a frown,
And his vile head an hundred furies crown.

“And must this mighty conflict end in my defeat?
Can I not, e’en on earth, retain a princely seat?
My pampered dreams of Evil boot me none,
If by Emmanuel my hopes must be undone.
My Princedom lost in heaven, and whelmed in shame,
With Michael’s leavings to the earth I came.
My tattered, blasted hosts, e’en in defeat,
Still cling to me, and rally at my feet.
My vaunted promises all failed in war,
And now my legions buried in ruin are.
Routed by Michael’s sword, my hopes are vain,
Save by deceit this paltry world to gain,
Which scarce may compensate for heaven lost;
Return indeed for what my Avarice cost!
Now comes He forth in flesh, th’ allconquering Word,
To be, through grace, Redemption’s mighty Lord.
His conquering arm I felt on yonder field,
Nor did my Minions unresisting yield,
Till vollied thunder rolled in waves of fire,
And crushed full many valliant foes beneath His ire.
Myself this ghastly scar in fight was given,
By Michael’s stubborn arm in fury driven.
Thou wandering Queen that rulest the midnight skies,
Keeps not thy bosom some glad paradise,
Some Eden blest, where happy creatures dwell,
Whose sinless breasts with guiltless rapture swell?

If I be driven from my dominion here,
That my proud feet may tread thy photosphere,
Make thy fair stocks of budding bliss to wilt,
And fill another fallen world with guilt.
Or shall I roam throughout his wide domain,
Corrupt the purest bosoms I can find with sin,
And hurl them in his pitying face again?
But no; I will not give the contest o'er;
I've gained a right to part if nothing more.
Resolved I am to wage the conflict well,
And prove the Foe, if not the Peer, of Prince Emmanuel.

I'll blight his paradise of childhood home,
'Twixt him and his own brothers strife shall come
His mother shall in cruel doubt remain,
Till after he on Cavalry has been slain.
I'll send my minions forth, a countless host,
Devil with devil damned, and ghost with ghost;
With foul diseases they shall taint the air,
Outrageous madness shall its victims tear,
All-brooding sorrows shall extend their wings,
Till black despair o'erspreads the face of things.
Then shall the people of the Christ implore,
An earthly kingdom fixed forevermore;
That he on all shall preference bestow,
From Pharasee to plodding peasant low.

His cherished scheme of righteousness and love,
His haughty race to mockery shall move.
The proud Sanhedrim shall with sneers demur,
And heathen Rome to cruel rage bestir;
Shall kindle vulgar frenzy to a flame,
And as a vile pretender scorn his name.
Of his own pupils one with treacherous kiss,
Shall prove a traitor for his enemies.
Three cycles shall his ministry complete,
And then the nails shall pierce his hands and feet.
To Hades last his body shall be given,
A prey to Death, and back to dust be driven.
Scattered amain his simple dupes shall be,
The victims of their vain credulity.
Wherever on the earth their tale is spread,
It's votaries shall to martyrdom be led."
So Satan grinds his teeth in stern despair,
And hastes with scorn for conflict to prepare,
As grinds his murderous fangs the savage boar,
Crouching his bulk, besmeared with froth and gore,
A storm of wrath, with hellish hate and rage,
And vengeance black as hell his thoughts engage.

Then came to him a grim, infernal host,
Devil with devil damned, and ghost with ghost;
The loathesome vices, like foul harpies, stood,

With banners black as night and rolled in blood.
The mocking Shades in Hades reprobate,
Came cringing forth, and at his feet they sat.
They smote their bosoms as in grief acute,
And gave their chief a dolorous salute.
Then rose a shout, that tore the vault of hell,
And made its caves with horrid clamor swell.
As a fierce clan of wolves famished for prey,
With reverberating yells pursue their way,
Alarm the startled woods with dread affright,
And send a shivering horror through the night;
So howled the conclave of hobgoblins damned,
While their fierce eyes with livid fury flamed.
Satan slow rises mid th' infernal throng,
As some grim mount the cringing hills among,

"This is the task, my Comrades, this the way,
Ye are to labor, both by night and day,
These favored lordlings of God's love to slay.
Long have we wandered o'er life's tragic stage,
Murd'ring both cradled youth, and crippled age.
Disputing sovereignty with heaven's King;
Who seeks his subjects to his feet to bring,
Not by compulsion, nor by durance vile,
But by his grace their hearts to reconcile;
For well he knows that force can never win,

Subjects whose hearts are filled with lust and sin,
So we estop all entrance of his word,
And surfeit to their appetites afford,
Quenching the Spirit of the Holy One,
Barring their thoughts from truth,—the work is done;
And we at least may share the contest well,
'Twixt pitying Heaven, and all-devouring Hell.
Now go! the time is short, the labor long,
That down the Right and deifies the Wrong.
Thus Satan disembogued his wrathful words,
When sudden rose the fiends like frightened birds;
Up straight on scrambling wings the devils sprang,
The earth with horror shrank, and hell with clangor
rang.
Dark broods the night where these cursed wretches
hie;
Their victims must in sorrow live and hopeless die.

In black battalions swept the hellish host,
Devil with devil damned, and ghost with ghost.
The gloomy chiefs, th' infernal columns led,
And muttered MURDER as they onward sped.
Grim-visaged War, with Slaughter fierce led on,
Followed by Death, with sable mace and gown;
Gaunt Famine next, with Pestilence, sad and wan,
Spread their pale wings along the hideous van.

Fierce Fury flew, and Hate, and Wrath, and Spite,
And stern Revenge, their banners black as night.
Anger's red front a fiery gleam forecast,
And Rage and Riot rode the horrid blast.
On wings of flame Lust led his maddened host,
Close followed Greed, and fallen Pleasure's ghost;
Adultery too, who Purity's bars o'erleaps;
Who laughs at blushing Virtue when she weeps,
And her pure heart for plighted Honor keeps;
Foul Fornication, bold in filthy stains,
Who feeds on murdered Chastity's remains;
Then sly Seduction, masked in smooth deceit,
Trampling sweet Innocence beneath his feet.
In Sanctity's veil stood vile Hypocrisy,
Satan's best friend, God's basest enemy.
Perjury, and Shame his guilty brow astride,
And Falsehood with Dishonor at his side;
Obscenity, befouled with filthy Jest,
While lustful pictures rankle in his breast;
Scorn whose proud lip by vain Contempt is raised,
And mimic Mockery by Insolence brazed.
Profanity, whose life to misery is doomed,
And Blasphemy with breath from hell exhumed.
Extortion base with Harpy claws and feet,
Who more possessing longs the more to get.
Seven facile spirits form confederate ban,

The foes of God, and enemies of man ;
Who fallen from heaven concealed amid the rout,
Disguised as friends brought stolen liveries out.
So winsome, fair to please the sons of earth,
They clothe destruction in the mask of mirth.
Plying soft bosoms with their silken charms,
All hell comes swimming in their armorous arms ;
Lithe Vanity, gay Frolick, Jest, and Fun,
Who through the maze of gay Cotillions run ;
Fair Chance, with Ventures, Tricks, and specious
Games,

For those whom Mammon with his lust inflames ;
Vile Alcohol, the prince of Hell distilled,
Whose victims, with his devilish spirit filled,
So like to Circe's, feel their legs entwine,
And down they drop as filthy, groveling swine.
Fair Sirens chant around the wizzard cup,
Which, who hath swallowed needs must vomit up.
The bars of Satan's prison-house he holds,
And the wide valves of yawning Death unfolds.
All Hades swims amid the sparkling flood,
To gender crimes, and fill the world with blood.
Mammon, proud prince, a golden chariot rides,
With silver reins his sordid jades he guides ;
Chief quartermaster he, of Satan's throne,
Fat Vice to rear, and hungry Virtue down.

These are the grim Tartarean Chiefs arrayed,
Who the fierce clans of angry demons led;
Bad Satan vaunted proudly at the army's head.
"On to Jerusalem!" the shout arose!
"Down with Emmanuel! the Prince of foes!"
Contagion spread upon the tainted winds,
And Rage bestired the fierce embattled fiends,
The stubborn Anas first they bound with Hate,
The aged Pillar of the falling state;
Next Caiaphas they stirred with bitter Scorn,
And Antipas by jealous Fear was torn,
Against the kingdom of the Virgin-Born.
Vile Lust for murder set his soul apart,
And base Adultery engaged his heart.
Mammon and proud Conceit Sanhedrim shaped,
And Scribes, and Saducees by Scorn were warped;
Hypocrisy the Pharisees enwrapped,
While Murder hovered o'er Emmanuel's steps,
And caught each word that issued from his lips.
As nimble grasshoppers on rapid wings,
That June's hot breath in countless numbers brings,
With greedy mouths devour the summer's bloom,
And change the russet meadows to a blackened tomb;
And as the teeming hosts of morbid worms,
Roam in thick squadrons through the rural farms;
Blight with their slime, and wither with their teeth,

Till fruitful fields are changed to blasted heath;
So swarming fiends o'erspread the land in haste,
To lay each stock of blooming virtue waste,
And send all hearts that thrive on Heaven's breath,
In anguish down beneath the blight of death.
Dark-brooding Sorrow glooms on every hand,
And sin, and Suffering riot through the land.
Then outraged earth's mute creatures all had tongues,
And plead for Mercy to redress their wrongs.
The wailing winds, befouled with felon breath,
The gloomy hills, enrobed in shades of death,
Lugubrious streams, that roll their sluggish tides,
And fountains sad, where stern Despair resides,
The weeping flowrets,, and the plaintive birds,
The dismal forests, and the bleeding herds;
The sun, and moon, and sadly glimmering stars,
And every soul that felt Grief's cruel jars,
With aching bosoms by stern Anguish thrall'd,
On list'ning Heaven in piteous accents called.

Emmanuel's ear the swift petition hears,
And yearns his soul to wipe away their tears.
His loving heart with Mercy's throb beats fast,
And to Jerusalem his feet make haste.
Soft Pity sits within his mighty breast,
And falling tears her coming aid forecast.

The Princely Virtues on their Chief attend,
And pitying eyes on suffering mortals bend,
Their ample wings in quiet rapture spread,
And wave their banners o'er Emmanuel's head.
Quick from their thrones the Royal Virtues come,
To follow Prince Imanuel to Jerusalem.
Gathered in cohorts on the jasper wall,
Angelic legions hear the Master's call;
Girding their glittering armor as they rise,
Their bright battalions dazzle all the skies;
And as his sandaled feet pursue the road,
So oft by Patriarchs and Prophets trod,
The throbbing bosom of th' æreal fields,
Gleams with the splendor of Cherubic shields.

Round Moriah's Mount the guards their stations
take,
While the deep foundations of the temple shake.
His carnival within vile Mammon held,
And the sacred Court with sordid Traffic filled.
Base Covetousness, and solemn Mockery lead,
And Lust divides the spoil with hungry Greed.
Hypocrisy the garb of Piety bore,
And vile Extortion Zeal's bright mantle wore.
Devoted oven moaned a sad protest,
And bleating sheep their piteous grief expressed.

Then first Emmanuel's breast with wrath was moved,
And his Almighty Zeal and Anger proved.
Zeal made the whip, Anger supplied the thongs,
T'avenge his Father's house of sacrilegious wrongs.
Omnipissance plies the furious lash,
While from his eyeballs angry light'ings flash.
The frightened Shylocks from the temple flew,
And in their haste the tables overthrew;
The fiends, and Mammon worshipers fled in confusion
too.

Now sordid Mammon makes a hideous din,
And rattling coins along the pavement spin.
Truth fills Emmanuel with the mighty word,
And places on his tongue the two-edge sword;
"To all mankind my Father's lips declare,
My house shall always be the house of prayer;
But now His wounded heart with pity grieves,
Since ye have made this house a den of thieves."
To the dove-venders then he mildly said,
"This must not house of merchandise be made."
Thus was foreshown in symbol unto man,
God's temple must be free from greed and gain.
When Mammon ruleth in the courts of God,
Full seldom are they by the angels trod;
And when base Lust the holy surplice wears,
Tis quite enough to move all heaven to tears.

Now sped the Princely Virtues through the land,
And smote the Vices down on every hand;
Stalked forth the Royal Virtues with their swords,
To execute in haste the Master's words.
Palefaced Disease before their presence fled.
They healed the lame, and raised the sleeping dead,
Restored the blind, made paralytics walk,
Unsealed the deaf, and caused the dumb to talk,
Stood Prince Emmanuel 'neath the temple-dome,
And told the people of his Realm to come.
Angelic Legions drew their swords of flame,
And demons mutt'ring from their victims came.
Satan, disguised in form of serpent slim,
Took refuge in the dastard Sanhedrim;
Then into Anas' haughty soul he crept,
And mid the storm his base concealment kept.
But shrewd Deceit, on cunning mischief bent,
Some false disciples to Emmanuel sent.
Omniscience in their evil minds espied,
The hateful presence of Deceit and Pride.
Jesus would not commit himself to them,
But let them tarry in Jerusalem.
So came to grief the grim, infernal host,
Devil with devil damned, and ghost with ghost;
As when from West the furious clouds arise,
Gather for storm, and darken half the skies;

Along their front the angry lightnings run,
And threat with dark to overwhelm the sun.
But from the pole a vigorous Norther roars,
Upon the storm its cooling ether pours;
The gloomy clouds disperse in haste away,
And shines again the bright victorious day.
Then said the Jews, with Pride and Hate enraged,
And vile Revenge against the Lord engaged,
"Show us a warrant for thy bold emprise,
A legal writ, or sanction from the skies."
Jesus replied with words of sharp disdain;
"This Sanctuary frail by death profane,
In three days I will raise it up again."
So spake the Lord of his own body pure,
That should by them a painful death endure;
But in three days, ascending from the grave,
Should lead Captivity a captive slave;
And so by sanction of the mighty God,
As an Avenger in their midst he stood.
But his blest words Murder and Malice took,
And wrote them down in base Blasphemy's book.

The aged Nicodemus came by night,
That from Emmanuel he might gather light;
"Good master, thou hast quite convinced thy friend,
That thee a teacher, God in love doth send;

For this thy mighty works do strong portend."
With authority in gentle tones conveyed,
The Teacher to the aged ruler said ;
"Except that any one be born from heaven,
Sight of God's Realm shall not to him be given."
With look and speech, that puzzled thoughts be-
trayed,

The aged ruler to the Teacher said :
"But how can man be born when he is old ;
This mighty mystery to me unfold ;
Or how can mother's womb conceive again,
And bring forth, second time, an aged man ?"
That he might from the Jew all doubt expel,
To Nicodemus then Emmanuel ;
"Save by the water-birth, and Spirit-birth combined,,
No mortal can Heaven's holy kingdom find.
Flesh flesh begets, as plants their likeness make,
And spiritual sons the Spirit life partake.
The Sovereign Spirit breathes where'er He please,
As doth, by Heaven sent, the gentle breeze,,
His pleading voice is heard in whisp'rings sweet,
While He with cleansing truth the soul doth greet ;
But Reason's lamp can never light supply,
To scan the mighty process how or why."
Nicodemus, much perplexed, made slow reply ;
"To comprehend this mystery in vain I try."

“Art thou a teacher, and art blind beside?”
The Kind Emmanuel reproving said:
“How can a blinded teacher blinded pupils guide?”
Of carnal birth all men the proof possess,
Not all by Reason, but by consciousness;
So knowledge of the Spirit-birth is given,
By Spirit-witness sent direct from heaven.
We testify of that which we do know,
And fain this mystery to the blind would show;
Nor can they reason how these things be so.
If heavenly things, on earth ye cannot see,
Can ye earth’s shadows change for heaven’s reality?
Which none hath seen, and unto none is given,
But by the Son of man, who came from heaven,
As brazen serpent was by Moses raised,
So must the Christ upon the cross be placed,
That he may death for every mortal taste;
And he who gazes with a fixed belief,
Shall pardon gain, and have eternal life.
The love of God in crimson tides shall run,
O’er all the world though the beloved son,
That who shall trust in his almighty name,
May be redeemed from death and endless shame.
God sent his son not to condemn the world,
But that it might with righteousness be filled.
They are not judged, who on the son believe,

But saved by grace, in endless pleasure live.
Those who the light refuse in darkness dwell,
The slaves of Lust, and Sin, and Guilt, and Hell;
Judging themselves they have already done,
And trust not in God's sole-begotten son.
And this their judgment is, that they refuse
The light of Truth, and Error's darkness chose,
For men love darkness rather than the light,
Because their deeds are contrary to right.
All evil-doers stand from light aloof,
But those who love the truth, walking in light, have
no reproof."

Thus spake Emmanuel to the honest Jew,
And closed at length the friendly interview.
The dappled Dawn its glowing tints had spread,
And with the sparkling dew refreshed the mead;
Morn's op'ning eyelids now began to peep
O'er the bright hilltops, on the rolling deep,
Leading the Day with far-extended rays,
To pour upon the world his cheerful blaze.
The glist'ning meadows bowed their beaded spires,
And bloming flowerts flashed primatic fires.
The tuneful songsters filled the happy groves,
With the sweet music of their morning loves.
Celestial legions now possess the land,

Exultant Virtues with their Leader stand,
To heal sad hearts of Satan's deadly blight,
And lead the people out of darkness into light.
From proud Jerusalem Emmanuel goes,
To save his suffering brothers from their woes.
The mighty guest with sacred feet must stand,
Within the rural homes of Judah-land.
His loving lips, free from reproach and strife,
Must give his lambs the healthful bread of life.
And lay at his dear feet their sore distress.
The lame, the blind, the sick, th' infirm are brought;
His mighty power with streaming tears is sought.
With Mercy's touch their maladies he heals,
And his warm heart a tender pity feels;
And not their bodies move his love so much,
But ruined souls receive his healing touch.
The throb of life their deadened senses finds,
And light comes streaming through their darkened
minds.
Their hearts adored, their souls with rapture praised,
From Sin's dark realm to Heaven's kingdom raised,
And then with joyful haste they were baptised.

Among the multitude that thronged him round,
A brother and two sisters meek were found;

Who on Emmanuel with their hearts believed,
And to his loving bosom were received.
In Bethany their humble home was found,
The weary Christ their frugal table crowned;
The guest how dear, the orphan-hearts how blessed.
When his dear head their restful pillow pressed!
Glad Hospitality, that genial springs;
The pride of peasants, and the boon of kings.
The sick and weary lodge within thy gates,
And for the hungry sweet refreshment waits.
Around thy hearth the homeless pilgrim sits,
And earth's cold frowns amid thy smiles forgets.
The stranger in thy fold a shelter finds,
From summer's heat, and winter's chilling winds.
How oft, whilst thou hast fenced from stormy cares,
Thy bosom fostered angels unawares;
As noble Abram under Mamre's oak,
When he the strangers to his tent betook!

Good Nicodemus went in haste to find
Joseph the Counselor, his wealthy friend,
Who one of John's disciples long had been,
Baptised unto repentance of his guilt and sin;
Vainly supposing that this act alone,
Would for his wayward life in brief atone.
Thus held this man a vain delusive view

Others of John's disciples held it too;
Iscarriot was of this deluded crew.
The Christ had taught the Jew that sinful men
Were purified by Spirit-birth within;
Hence did a question 'twixt these two good friends
begin;

How can stale forms and ceremonies rinse,
And the foul taint of fallen nature cleanse?
Which can but be obedient fruits at best,
And may be solemn mockery at least.
Do not pure streams from purer fountains flow,
And luscious fruits on genuine fruit-trees grow?
Behold a bramble from the soil ascend;
Do purple clusters from its branches bend?
Though it were loaded with the purple fruit,
It would be bramble still, both branch and root." •
"Thou speak'st the truth, I must in faith concede;
But what can change our nature?" Joseph said.
"Within our midst a youthful prophet stands,
Who torturing demons and disease commands.
From his dear lips I learned the truth so plain,
That to be saved, man must be born again.
As sinful man first sprang from sordid dust,
Be born of Spirit his vile spirit must;
For that is carnal, which from flesh is borne,
And spiritual what is of the Spirit born.

This mystery first I learned from Jesus' lips,
Who sent me straight to search the holy types,
Which soon I found can never cleanse from sin,
So long as vile corruption reigns within.
Then must our fallen nature be renewed,
And our vile spirits born again of God;
That holiness may be a growth within,
To purify our lives from lust and sin,
Thus evil fruit on evil tree is grown,
And the good tree by luscious fruit is known."

"New light thou shedest forth unto my mind,
Which ne'er before within my soul hath shined,
And the young Prophet's college I must find."

Others of John's disciples heard the friends,
Parley on what remission sole depends;
Which in their minds much anxious thought produced,
And sent them to the Baptist's ears confused.
"Master, to whom thou solemn witness bore,
While we were following thee by Jordan's shore;
The same baptises in the liquid tide,
And all men gather swiftly to his side.
Then spoke the Harbinger prophetic word,
And testimony bore unto the Lord.
This is the Christ. Ye all do witness bear,

I oft have said that I his way prepare.
The Bridegroom's chaste possession is the bride,
The Bridegroom's friend, who standeth at his side,
Rejoices greatly in his living words;
Thus He my soul the fullest bliss affords.
As rising Sun he comes with golden gleams,
My lesser light must perish in his beams.
The Heaven-born souls above the earth do shine,
But earthly minds round earthly things entwine.
The things He witnesseth from Heaven came,
No Adamite, therefore, believeth on His name.
All men begotten through the cleansing word,
Receive in faith the well beloved Lord.
The Christ of God is filled with heavenly treasure,
Because the Spirit giveth not to him by measure.
Who rest their faith in God's own Well-Beloved,
For endless life by Heaven shall be approved;
But those who in his name their faith refuse,
Reject the light, and endless darkness choose.
So genuine sparks do always upward fly,
But cinders fall upon the ground and die.

BOOK VI.

NOON.

Satan meantime convoyed by Hate and Spite,
Had sought enraged the gloomy realms of Night.
His baffled legions round in silence sat;
Then rose with vengeful Scorn vindictive Hate;
“Are we despised, and must our efforts fail?
Shall Prince Emmanuel over Hell prevail?
True we are overwhelmed in open field,
But shall we, like defeated villains, yield?
Hell hath resorts, that Heaven not dares to scoff,
Which oft do Virtue bring to woeful proof;
Not by bold frontage, but through subtle guile,
Using for subjects, doting breasts the while.
The rugged Harbinger with withering speech,
Doth Lust assail, and sober Temperance teach;
E’en hurls at haughty Antipas his slurs,
And hath provoked Herodias to sneers.
Lust hath bestirred the guilty pair to wed,
And base Adultery hath made their bed.
Let tattling Rumor reach the Prophet’s ear,
And his sharp tongue for stern rebuke perpare;
Let him to Herod’s face denounce the deed;
A thousand Virtues cannot save his head!

An angry woman, filled with Lust and Spite,
Is Heaven's worst enemy, Hell's prime delight."
Satan at once the shrewd suggestion took,
And to his comrade, Murder, smiling spoke ;
"Go, lay thy crimson hands on Herod's soul,
Let base Herodias all his mind control ;
Bring John before the proud adulterer's face,
The fearless man will stamp the foul disgrace!"

The Royal Virtues the whole scheme espy,
And yield the godly man for Truth to die,
That martyr-blood may loud to Heaven cry.
As Abel's faith through blood to Heaven appealed,
So must John's ministry by blood be sealed.
In gloomy Machoerus the lights are dim ;
Stand at the prison-door two soldiers grim.
Within, the faithful Harbinger remains,
Loaded with insults, and with clanking chains.
No pitying eye his lone confinement sees,
While with bound hands he bends upon his knees ;
But his great soul is filled with silent praise,
And God's right hand upon his bosom lays.
Mad Murder stands with lance in poise to throw,
Ten hissing Furies wreath his horrid brow ;
Meek Piety the Martyr's form o'erspreads,
And Resignation his meek spirit leads.

Blest Harbinger, thy bold refulgent ray,
Brought brooding Sorrow's night the promised day;
Now that the Sun the promised day has crowned,
Thy less'ning light must in his beams be drowned.

Then on her ruddy wings flew blushing Shame,
And to Jehovah's awful presence came;
Sweet Purity sent the weeping Virtue there,
The doleful message to all heaven to bear.
Said God to Gabriel, then, in thunder tone:
"Summon the Royal Virtues to my throne!
(And sooner than the winged word 'twas done.)
Bold Satan, the Archfiend of nether hell,
With cruel Hate has wrought my holy will;
But lest his seeming victory urge him on,
To spill too soon the sacred blood of John,
Let Truth appoint a chosen guard of three,
To keep her son till th' hour of destiny."
The Martyr's soul and precious life she gave,
To Resignation, Trust, and Patience brave,
That he their sweet companionship might have.
Three sullen fiends at awful distance stood,
And gnashed their teeth, and clamored for his blood;
Red-handed Slaughter, with his cruel sword,
Black-hearted Malice, with his javeline lowered,
And Alcohol, with hellish bottle stored,

That afterward o'er all the world was poured.
Omnipissance last his shield o'erspread,
Of circling flame above the Martyr's head,
Till fatal time of Destiny was sped.

Satan, elated with his own success,
And aiming further his vile schemes to press,
Quick to his side the much-tongued Rumor called.
In his vile hand two winged Lies he held,
And sent them to his minions to be told.
"Go spread the whispered tale throughout the land,
That John had organized a traitor-band,
To overthrow the house of Antipas,
And bring the people to the last distress.
Then take with thee my favorite minion Hate,
And to my faithful Pharisees relate ;
"Till ye complete the work ye undertook,
The deadly Hydra still defies your stroke.
One hissing head in binding fetters lives,
Another, yet more dire, at large survives.
His voice is ringing through our peaceful land,
His feet within our solemn temples stand,
Gath'ring in haste his vile seditious band.
More than the Nazarite's his followers swarm,
Than fierce Barabbas' deadlier is his arm,
Let him be called to Herod's presence straight,

And for the speedy sentence trembling wait.

Omniſcience through the fiendiſh cabal ſcanned,
And laid upon the gentle Chriſt his hand.
Love o'er his ſacred head her wings unfurled,
And Heaven reſerved him for a dying world.
Emmanuel thus inſpired by Deſtiny,
Turned his meek ſteps to ſuffering Gallilee.
His feet the curb of Jacob's Fountain preſſed,
Where, faint and weary, he ſat down to reſt;
When lo, with empty pitcher in her hand,
A woman came; a matron of the land.
Luſt through her heart the filthy ſtains had ſpread,
Five husbands had ſhe who perchance were dead;
And now ſhe nurſed a ſtranger in her luſtful bed.
Oh ſacred Virtue! how infirm thou art,
When thy ſoft charms allure the tempter's art!
What tongue, or pen, can thy ſad hiſtory tell,
When, plucked from heaven, thy boſoms wilt in hell?
The doom awaits thee for all time to come,
To wander outcaſt from thy virgin home.
Lo! Heaven ſends Pity from the weeping ſky,
To ſave thy ſuffering victims ere they die.
Jeſus in mercy to the woman ſpoke,
And her baſe heart with penitence he broke.
"Give me to drink," the famiſhed Savior pled.

The guilty woman then with wonder said:
"Thou art a Jew, and I Samaritan bred."
The virtuous Israelites all treat with scorn,
The adulterous race, who are Samaritan born;
Likewise do Christian Pharisees in turn.
Their needy betters from their bosoms spurn,
While their proud souls with vile conceit do burn.
"Didst thou but know the gift of God in me,
The living water I might give to thee."
"Sir, thou hast nothing here wherewith to draw;
How canst thou then on me such drink bestow?
Art thou a greater than our Jacob was,
Who dug this well his household to appease?"
"Who drinks of this, recurring thirst shall pain,
Who drinks my words shall never thirst again,
And more than plenty shall his soul possess;
Enough to give his thirsty neighbors in distress."
"Sir, give this living water to me now,
That I may hither come no more to draw."
"Go call thy husband, woman, quickly go."
"No husband have I, Lord," the woman said.
"Five husbands hast thou, all of whom are dead.
Now a false partner shares thy guilty bed."
"A prophet in thy person I perceive;
Lord, let thy goodness my deep shame forgive.
My fathers taught me in this mountain wild,

To worship demons since a little child.
Ye say that in Jerusalem God reigns,
And only there remits his people's sins ;
That only Moses' law can vile pollution cleanse."
"Woman, believe me, now is come the time.
When not upon this mountain-top sublime,
Nor yet in stern, Heaven-built Jerusalem ;
But the true worshippers shall walk with God,
As blest Elijah and meek Enoch did ;
Enjoying fellowship with him in love,
And His blest will in truth and spirit prove.
For God a Spirit is, and we forsooth,
Must worship Him in spirit and in truth.
Ye worship demons, who your prayers deny,
We worship whom we know, both how and why.
The Savior cometh from among the Jews,
And Moses' law leads men his grace to choose."
"I know the Jews Messiah now expect ;
When he is come he will our minds instruct."
"Woman, I now, who speak in love to thee ;
Canst thou in faith receive it? I am he."

Then Jesus' loved disciples round him stood,
Returned from Sychar, where they purchased food,
And, being Jewish-born, they marveled much,
Seeing the woman, that he spake with such.

But reverence for the Master kept their tongue,
From intimation that he had done wrong.
Oh, Bigotry! thou brazen-fronted Fool;
Thou mummied miscreant! thou devil's tool!
When wilt thou learn religion was designed,
The common heritage of all mankind?
Cease thou to hoard within thy selfish grooves,
The blest inheritance God's goodness gives;
Know thou the common Father all His children loves.
The woman ran, of calmer sense bereft,
And in quick haste her waterpot she left;
Straight to the town her joyful footsteps flew,
And round her home an eager crowd she drew.
"Come see a man who told me all I've done,
Can this be God's Messiah, the Anointed one?"
Meanwhile the pupils to their Teacher said,
"Come, Master, come, and eat some needful bread."
Jesus replied with touch of mild reproof,
"Meat I have to eat that ye know not of."
The pupils, gath'ring not the mystic thought,
Said, "Who hath victuals to the Master brought?"
Then pregnant words from his blest lips did fall,
That did with deep instruction fill them all;
"To serve my Father with a spirit sweet,
Is my employment, and my daily meat.
Say not while April spreads her infant blooms,

Four months till brown September's harvest comes,
Lift up your eyes and view the whitened fields,
What multitudes bad Satan's harvest yields.
The well-willed reaper gathers fruit for heaven;
Then joy to him and sower both is given.
The holy Prophets, with a hope forlorn,
Scattered the precious seed from morn till morn,
And now 'tis yours to gather into Heaven's barn."

Many Samaritans that from Sychar came,
Hearing the word believed on Jesus' name,
And many through the happy woman's word,
Were brought to life, when Emmanuel they heard.
They said, "Not other lips have we believed,
But have from his the precious truth received;
And know ourselves that which to us was told,
For we have seen the Savior of the world."
Hail Woman! first of all thy race most dear,
Glad Tidings to the Gentile world to bear!
How many since, thy sisters true have gone,
To preach mid heathen lands God's Holy Son.
Two days Emmanuel in that city dwelt,
The woman's home his glad salvation felt.
No more reigned Lust with widowhood and shame;
With Jesus Purity into her household came,
And Honor, where base Prostitution thrived,

With Innocence and Piety survived.
Then Jesus' feet the streets of Cana trod,
While he approached his boyhood's blest abode.
He there began the Gospel more to preach,
And his own school meanwhile the word to teach,
Saying, "Repent, God's Kingdom is at hand;
The time is full, and God doth faith command."
In every synagogue his voice was heard,
Preaching with power the everlasting word.
Then from Capernaum to him there came
A nobleman, who heard his mighty fame;
And said, "Good Master, heal my dying son,
Who lieth sick at far Capernaum.
Jesus at once replied, "Except ye see
Wonders and signs, ye will not trust in me."
"Sir, quickly come, or else my child will die."
"Go, and thy son shall live," was the reply.
Then did the weeping father's heart believe,
And hast'ning footsteps to his home he gave.
The servants met him on the lonely road,
Weeping for very joy, and praising God.
"Master rejoice, the darling boy's alive!
He taketh food, and now begins to thrive.
At seventh hour his fever left him quite,
His parched skin is tender, moist and white."
The father knew that at the seventh hour,

Jesus had wielded his almighty power.
So with the nobleman, his household came,
And all at once believed on Jesus' name.

Satan, with bosom like a raging sea,
Boiled with revenge and dark malignity.
Leading his ghostly minions hot with wrath,
He went before t' infest Emmanuel's path.
And fill the land with wan disease and death.
As pestful locusts, borne on hostile wind,
Leave woeful want, and pestilence behind,
Where happy homes and rip'ning fields had been,
Set with'ring blight and poverty to reign;
So trooping demons spread through all the coast,
Plying their hellish work, a countless host.
Emmanuel's cohorts bright in armor rose,
To drive in flight away the dismal foes.
Faith, Hope, and Love their valliant squadrons led,
And cringing demons 'neath their falchions bled.
The Royal Virtues with Emmanuel stood,
And mutt'ring devils owned the Son of God.
Through suffering villages, and cities flew
The Princely Virtues and dark Vices slew.
Emmanuel's voice in synagogues was heard,
Preaching in earnest tones the precious word;
Loosing the captives Satan's chains had bound,,

And sowing gospel-truth throughout the regions round.
The eager multitudes thronged him about,
The healthful stood, the sick on beds were brought;
The trembling demons crouched beneath his feet,
And at his word their suffering victims quit.
From tongue to tongue spread Prince Emmanuel's
name,
Till all the land resounded with his fame.

Now, once again, his sacred feet have trod,
The threshold of his boyhood's blest abode.
His native land a conscious pride instills,
And his pure breast with generous pleasure fills,
E'en while his soul eternal schemes revolves,
And moved by love on mighty deeds resolves.
The genial rapture of the soft blue skies,
The charming landscape, that beneath them lies,
The fruitful hills, that clustered vines surround,
Where sober toil, and simple ease abound,
Soft-murmuring streamlets, and gay-purling rills,
Rich, verdant valleys blooming mid the hills,
The mountain slopes, with peaceful hamlets round,
Where honest labor is with plenty crowned;
And thou, blue Gallilee, whose pebbled shore,
His weary feet so oft have wandered o'er,
From whose clear bosom blest evangels come,

To make the wastes of earth with joys to bloom;
All pleasing prospects, in rich beauty spread,
That well might thrill the bosom of a god.
But sweeter joys than these his heart imprest,
While lay his head upon his mother's breast,
And her soft palms his thoughtful brow caressed.
Nor did he spurn the dear domestic ties,
That from society's pure charms arise

How leaps a loving mother's heart with joy,
For the proud conquests of a duteous boy!
Scepters and kingdoms lose their gilded charms,
Beside the hero folded in her arms.
Her royal empire is her child's renown,
His thrift her scepter, and his love her crown,
And his true, loyal heart her steadfast throne.
Thus Mary's heart its mighty joy confessed,
And with glad lips her tender love expressed,
When to the bosom of her humble home,
Covered with glory's daze her son had come.
Nor did the Christ such doting disabuse,
And to his mother filial love refuse.
But on his heart the world's dark sins were laid,
And to his mind the tragic death portrayed.
Oh, Nazareth, why sleeps thy leaden breast,
When thy glad streets by such blest feet are pressed?

Arouse from death ! unclothe thy slumb'ring eyes !
And seize the precious boon before it flies ;
Let not thy children perish in their sins,
While in their midst the fountain flows to rinse.

The Sabbath's holy light at length has come,
Calling each pious family from their home.
With reverent feet the synagogue to tread,
That on the bread of life their souls may feed,
And their sweet lambs to pastures green be led.
Mother and brothers, and his sisters wend
Their solemn steps, the service to attend.
What trembling joys the mother's breast transport,
While his sweet voice speaks mid the solemn court !
Visions of Israel's promised glory rise,
In pleasing dreams before her swimming eyes.
The son of Amos' glowing words he read ;
"The spirit of the Lord is on me shed,
Good Tidings to the poor I come to preach,
To heal the broken-hearted with my speech,
To tell deliverance to the captive soul,
Give sight to eyes that in the darkness roll,
To bruised slaves sweet liberty award,
And preach the year accepted of the Lord."
Then from his lips the precious words distilled :
"This very day this scripture is fulfilled."

Malicious Satan mid the people stood,
Eager to rouse their minds to deeds of blood;
And Envy came with Murder at his side,
To stir the leaders up through wounded pride.
"Are we to listen to this low-born one?
Is this not Jesus, peasant Joseph's son?"
Then said he, "Surely you will say to me,
Physician, heal thine own vile malady;
And let us see in this thy native home,
What thou hast wrought in proud Capernaum.
Fulfilled this hour the proverb is become,
'No honor hath a prophet in his home.
I tell you true, God showed His sov'reign grace,
Among the people in Elijah's days;
When after two and forty months of drought,
He sought Serepta's lonely widow out,
Passing all others in His anger by,
And furnished her of stores a full supply.
And when he passed Judeah's lepers by,
Leaving them in their loathsome filth to die,
And sent Elisha to the Syrian prince,
His suffering frame from leprosy to cleanse."
Then Satan roused the furious Pharisees,
The gentle Savior in their wrath to seize,
And plunge him headlong from the precipice.
Murder presided, and vindictive Hate,

And Malice came with black Revenge and Spite;
Vile Anger gnashed with bitter Rage his teeth,
And Death stamped Piety his feet beneath.
But Love, with golden shield o'erspread the Christ,
And Meekness fixed her signet on his breast.
Ubiquity his sacred form concealed,
And the great Allpowerful snatched him from the
field.

Now proud Capernaum unfold thy gates;
The glad salvation for thy children waits.
Thy solemn synagogues, and crowded streets,
His tender voice in earnest accents greets.
Home of the gentle Christ on earth how blest!
Oh let him give thy weary children rest.
Let thy fond bosom pillow his dear head,
And with the bread of life thy hungry ones be fed.

As thoughts repose, from stormy passion free,
So sleep the billows on calm Gallilee.
The curling wavelets on its pebbled shores,
Murmur their music to the splashing oars;
The circling mountains and the craggy steep,
Mirror their shadows from its chrystal depths,
While fleecy clouds above its bosom rest,
And anchored yachts float idly on its breast.
The sturdy fishermen with busy hands.

Spread their frail nets along its sloping sands.
Emmanuel there in pensive solitude,
Approached two brothers, and before them stood;
Both brothers felt the presence of a god!
"Come, follow me," he spake, familiar then,
"And I will make you fishermen of men."
Simon and Andrew left their nets in haste,
And followed the Master as he onward passed.
Two brothers more he called to quit the sea;
The youthful sons of aged Zebedee,
No longer now his transient followers still,
But called the sacred ministry to fill.
Both James and John their father left alone,
And followed Jesus as the rest had done.
Lord of sixth realm Emmanuel came to be,
And now inspired with truth his chosen ministry.

As gather round the mountain's breast the clouds,
So round Emmanuel throng the multitudes,
With weeping eyes and throbbing hearts to hear,
His loving words of sympathy and cheer.
Yet more and more the gath'ring throngs increased,
Till he with surging crowds was sorely pressed.
Two empty boats were floating idly near;
The one that Simon's was lay by the shore.
This entered he and sat at distance short,

That he the eager people might exhort.
As falls refreshing dew upon the meads,
So his blest speech their thirsty spirits feeds,
And kindles cheer within their darkened minds,
As morning light its way through shadows finds.
His sweet words end as gentle summer showers,
That hang in crystal drops on grateful flowers.
Then said he unto Simon, standing near:
"Thrust out thy boat a little from the shore,
And for a draft thy net into the water lower."
"Master, all night we've toiled, and nothing won,
But with thy honored word it shall be done;"
When lo, the swarming fishes caught within,
The boiling water made to foam and spin;
Then they, in surging folds, were quickly lifted in.
Their wond'ring partners, James and John, were called,
And to the boats the breaking net was hauled.
Both yachts with fish to overflowing filled,
Scarce saved from sinking, to the shore were pulled.
Then Simon's lips with earnest words adored,
"Depart from me, a sinful man, oh Lord!"
Jesus replied, "Fear not, my wondring friend;
For thee henceforth for men to fish I send,"
Nor ever did he need his golden net to mend.

Emmanuel and his loved disciples now,

With hast'ning steps unto Capernaum go ;
And 'neath the synagogue's broad dome he stands,
To preach, the holy Scriptures in his hands.
With tender tones his earnest words resound,
His matchless eloquence all bosoms bound.
As soft Arabian winds with balmy breath,
Pour grateful perfumes on the parched heath,
So breathed his argument with unction blest,
Waking soft rapture in each ravished breast.
With meek authority, as from the Lord,
He spake in boldness, too, the precious word,
And not as Scribes and Sycophants with unctuous
beard.

A madman of an unclean spirit filled,
In braying voice amid the concourse yelled ;
"Ah Jesus ! Nazarene ! what moveth thee !
Wilt thou destroy us by thy ministry ?
I know thee well ; the holy One of God."
And yet another yelling cried aloud :
"Thou Son of God,, is this thy dreadful aim ?
Comest thou to torture us before the time ?"
Jesus rebuked them, saying, "Hold your peace !
Your suffering subjects now at once release."
Their victims then the raving demons tore,
And left them prostrate, frothing on the floor.
Excitement seized the wonder-gazing crowd,

Who their astonishment proclaimed aloud;
"What novel doctrine doth this prophet bring?
Ne'er had our eyes beheld so strange a thing.
His firm authority foul demons binds,
His word controls the rage of frenzied minds,
And the mad lunatic full releasement finds."
Then spread his fame as breezes spread the sea,
Throughout the regions of all Gallilee.

Soon of the synagogue a leave he takes,
And to the home of Simon and Andrew walks,
And James and John his glad companions makes.
Pale-faced Disease had entered there before;
Simon's wife's dame a raging fever bore;
Low had it laid her, and had vexed her sore.
When Jesus stood beside the sufferer's bed,
Pale-faced Disease before his presence fled.
His gentle touch the fiery fever cooled,
The boiling blood within her veins controlled,
And gave her to the happy family healed.
The joyful dame in health among them stands,
And guides the household with her busy hands.
Lord of the first Realm Jesus came to be,
And proves by healing his true deity.

Now had the Sun his sloping splendor lowered,

And on the saffron clouds his glory poured ;
The twilight shadows lingered on the plains,
And with their flocks had homeward sent the swains,
When throngs assembled round the cottage door,
Who sick and suffering in their litters bore ;
Brought forth for Jesus in his love to heal,
And that he might the demons dire expel.
On every one his mighty hand was laid,
He sent them to their homes restored and glad.
Demons came trembling at his awful word,
And cringing cried, Thou art the Son of God !
Lord of the fifth Realm thus he proved to be,
And made the devils 'test his deity.
The words were proved, writ in Isaiah's book,
Himself our sickness bore, and our diseases took.

When sable night its dusky wings had spread,
Emmanuel, weary, sought the restful bed ;
But not till earnest prayer by all was made,
And before Jehovah every heart was laid,
With full confession of bemoaned sin,
Grievous to God and ruinous to men ;
Then true thanksgiving for his mercies past,
Each heart in solemn gratitude expressed ;
And earnest prayer was lifted up to Heaven,
That store of grace might to each one be given,

To all forgive as they had been forgiven.
While in calm sleep they passed the restful night,
Around that home camped angel-watchers bright.
So might all homes with Jesus as a guest,
Repose in piety and peaceful rest.
Oh, Master, make my home thy constant stay,
Deign on my pillow thy dear head to lay,
Nor let my folly drive thy feet away;
And when I own a brighter home above,
I then shall dwell with thee in perfect love.

Long e'er the morning star his torch had lit,
And his bright circlet in the Orient set,
While walked the silver moon amid her field,
And Orion held aloft his starry shield,
Emmanuel rose from slumber calm and sweet,
And to the desert turned his anxious feet,
In filial prayer his Father's face to seek,
With thoughts too deep for mortal tongue to speak.
In his great breast the world's dark sorrows rolled,
Whose burthen might to none but God be told.
The Seraphs came to meet him overjoyed,
And unbarred the portals of the sixth Spheroid.
The Father's face in dazzling glory shone,
And came a voice of distant thunder tone;

Behold deep mystery in symbol dwelled,
Which sleeping Jacob in Haran beheld!
From Isaac and Ishmael my wise purpose draw;
One seed of grace, one seed of carnal law,
One blessed, one cursed, before the light they saw.
Not on the unborn souls I wrath disbursed;
The guiltly race of wicked seed I cursed.
Nor do I bless the seed of holy sires,
Till they be tried in penitential fires.
Jacob and Esau do a symbol serve,
And in their character my truth preserve.
One, subject of my free and sov'reign grace,
The other, child of nature, wild and base.
Jacob, the soul in carnal slumber wrapped,
Seeking in pleasure to be softly lapped.
The pelted Esau doth the flesh express,
Selling his birthright for a pottage mess;
One seed of grace, one seed of haughty scorn,
One loved, one hated, e'er the boys were born.
A constant warfare reigns between the two,
Nor can the soul the sinful flesh subdue,
More than can Israel tame the wild Arabian crew.
Now see the mystery of grace bestowed,
Lifting my seed into the sixth spheroid.
The carnal soul with sin's dark night oppressed,
Upon the law its slumb'ring head doth rest.

Beside the dozing wretch Conviction sleeps,
And a sharp sword within his scabbard keeps.
Down through the human Christ pure Truth descends,
Bearing a glowing censer in his hands.
The Holy Spirit with the censer comes,
Kindling the burning coals to livid flames.
Truth pours the embers on Conviction's breast,
And rouses him in terror from his rest ;
Then orders him to slay his slumb'ring guest.
With piercing sword Conviction slays the soul,
And over it the whelming Law doth roll.
Wrapped in the darkness of the first spheroid,
It groans in terror mid the dismal void,
Vindictive Wrath in vivid lightnings comes,
And threatening thunder through the darkness roams.
The solid pillars of the heart do shake,
The deep foundations of the soul do quake,
And all the mighty bands of nature break.
Now Penitence, and Prayers, and Tears, and Cries,
Seize the New Man, and bid him upward rise,
And sue for grace beyond the bending skies.
Repentance next the anxious wretch conveys,
Away from Rites and formal Sacrifice,
Then by the hand of Trust the soul is led,
From the dark confines of the first Spheroid.
Last, joyful Faith, the trusting sinner leads,

Straight to the cross, where Sov'reign Mercy bleeds,
When on the suffering Savior it delighted feeds.
Thus out of chaos into Christ are born,
The souls, who Prince Emmanuel's crown adorn.
Lord of the sixth Realm Jesus proves to be,
And thus asserts his royal sov'reignty.

Now sings the ransomed soul a grateful song,
That rings with joy the sapphire thrones among,
The golden harps of heaven remain unstrung,
Till the glad anthem of the soul is sung.

Spirit Eternal, tune my tongue,
On this my soul's first Sabbath morn,
With sweeter song than Seraphs sung,
When the fair infant world was born.

Amid the dark abyss of guilt,
I felt thy life-inspiring breath,
Telling that Jesus' blood was spilt,
To save my ruined soul from death.

I saw him hanging on the tree,
My faith was fixed forever there;
Oh, is this agony for me?
Does he my dark transgressions bear?

How may my soul from hell escape,
And to his sheltering bosom fly?
Dear sovereign Grace my only hope,
Permit me not in sin to die.

Then Jesus turned his pitying eye,
And saw me lost and deep distressed;
He stretched his mighty arm from high,
And bore me to his bleeding breast.

Oh, Refuge from my cruel foes;
From mortal sin and guilt and shame,
I dread no harm since thou arose,
And bidst me trust thy precious name.

When from the grave I shall awake,
Amid the mighty bloodwashed throng,
My ransomed tongue thy praise shall speak,
And heaven repeat my grateful song.

In heaven new strains of glad hosannahs roll,
And hymning angels welcome the returning soul.
Truth from the tree of life the symbol takes,
And with loud sounding chords this song awakes.
All heaven listens to the gladsome tones;
The Virtues sit entranced upon their thrones.

"There is lore in the leaflet, and truth in the tree,
A song in the sunshine, a psalm in the sea ;
There are mysteries in mountains, and visions in vales,
A zest in the zephyrs, a glee in the gales ;
There are problems in pebbles and sermons in stones,
And wealth in the earthquake's terrible groans ;
There is rythm in the run of the rollicking wave,
And a rhyme of the riplets on the shore that they lave ;
A caress in the breeze that refreshes the cheek,
And steals fresh perfumes from the flowerets meek.
In the face of the morn as it wakes from the night,
There's a warmth of compassion, a glow of delight ;
And out from the song-bird's musical throat,
Sweet echoes of rapture in melody float.
Nature strives with her motherly efforts to please,
On the continents wide, in the fathomless seas.
Even troubles come trooping like angels of love,
Bearing blessings and mercies from Heaven above.
Not a sigh, nor a tear, but in pity is sent,
To soften the pangs that in anguish are pent.
In the heart of the mourner the sorrows that dwell,
Are only the harp-strings its music to swell.
The clouds as they soar mid the mansions of light,
Or fold their dark robes on the bosom of night,
Are ministers sent by our Father above,
To baptise the world in an ocean of love.

Go learn from the provident bee to be wise ;
Sip the nectar of joy from the earth and the skies,
And heed what the poor, plodding ant to thee saith ;
Make full storage of faith for the winter of death ;
Then the years that shall come may bring timely relief,
Planting fountains and flowers in the deserts of grief.
The stones of disaster along the bleak waste,
The typhoons of passion sweeping o'er in hot haste,
At the smile of the angel of Hope may yet prove,
To be buddings of roses, and whisp'rings of love.
Oh, look up, ye sad and disconsolate ones,
To the stars as they shine on their bright sapphire
 thrones ;
Sweet truth, and compassion concealed in their beams,
Come pouring upon you in crystalline streams.
They kindle bright fires in their home of delight,
To cheer the sad world mid the darkness of night,
And tears that they weep o'er its sorrows and sins,
Are mistaken for dewdrops when morning begins.
Stay not to repine o'er the deeds of the past,
They will only dishearten and crush you at last ;
Let the blood of Emmanuel baptise you in love,
And seal you a mansion in heaven above.
His grace will rescue you from error's dark night,
From sin's bleak dominion to the kingdom of light ;
Thus build on the wreck of a long, bitter strife,

A garden of Eden, and a palace of life.

The angels with rapture caught up the glad song,
And the Echoes resounded their voices along;
While Heaven was silent in waiting to hear,
Another glad song that should ravish each ear.
'Twas Piety, Purity, and Charity blest,
Depicting the soul ent'ring into its rest.

PIETY.

A sunbeam came gliding adown from the skies,
With a song in his heart, and a smile in his eyes.
He was seeking a mate for his own happy life.
'Twas the Bridegroom from heaven in search of his
wife.

PURITY.

A dewdrop hung fresh on the cheek of a flower,
Dreaming only of love in the sweet morning hour;
So lonely she was that she drew a deep sigh,
And said, "I must wed me, or else I shall die;"
'Twas the soul in its longing for immortal joy.

PIETY.

The sunbeam came dancing, and glancing along,
Wooring his beloved, and singing his song;

"Where's the soul, like a pearl, that can rest on my breast,

She's a queen that can lean on my arm like a charm,
I will take her, and make her a home in the skies ;
I will love her, approve her, and live in her eyes,,
And fill her glad bosom with immortal joys."

PURITY.

E'er he ended, so sweet was the sound of his voice,
The dewdrop looked up, and began to rejoice ;
And e'er she bethought what it was that she heard,
She mingled her carol as sweet as a bird ;
"This sweet flower is my bower, and I'm born to adorn,
The bright, happy sunbeam in fondness forlorn.
Should he but kiss me, it would quite embliss me,
And up to the sky in his arms I'd be borne,,
Plighting my love on this bright Sabbath morn."

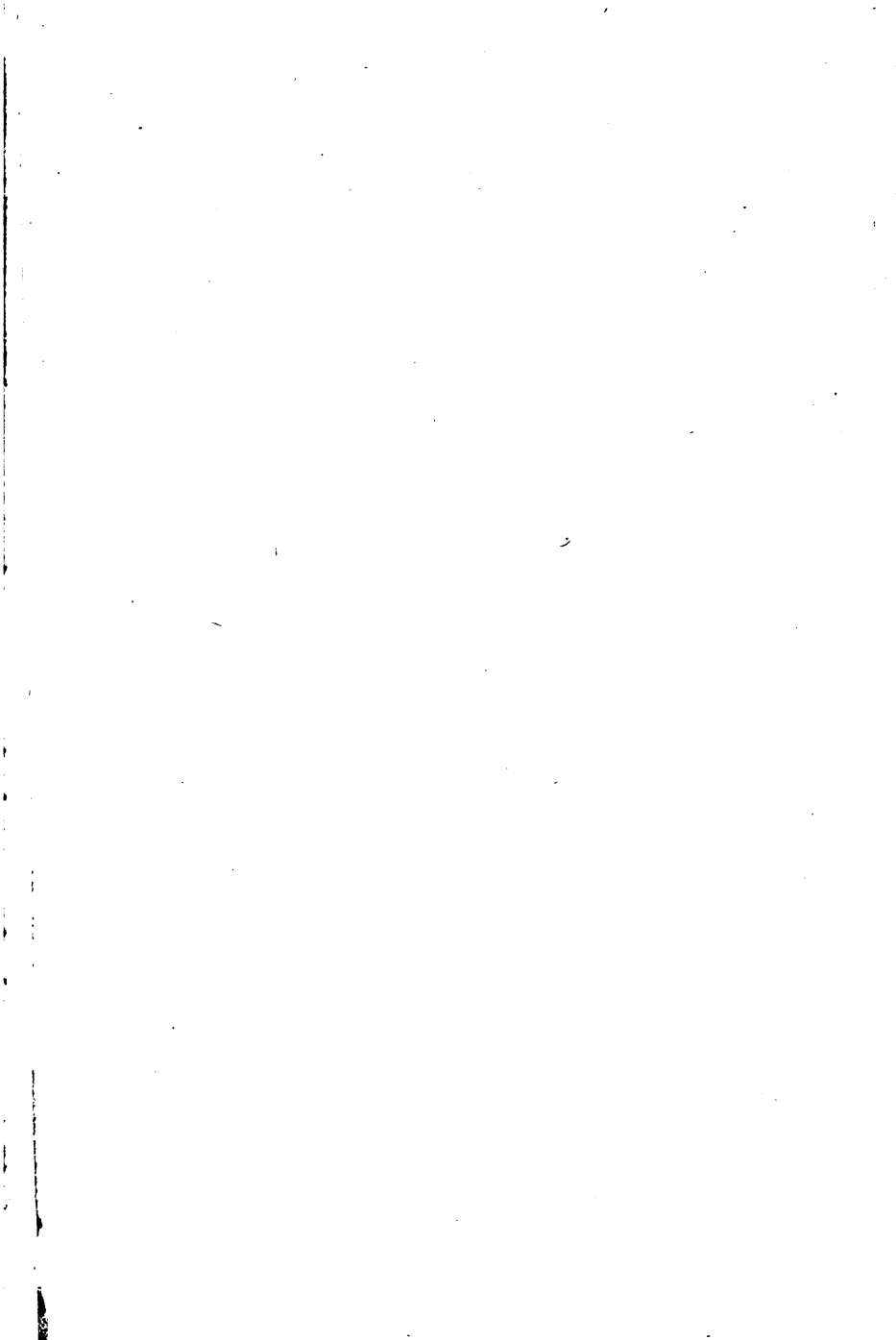
CHARITY.

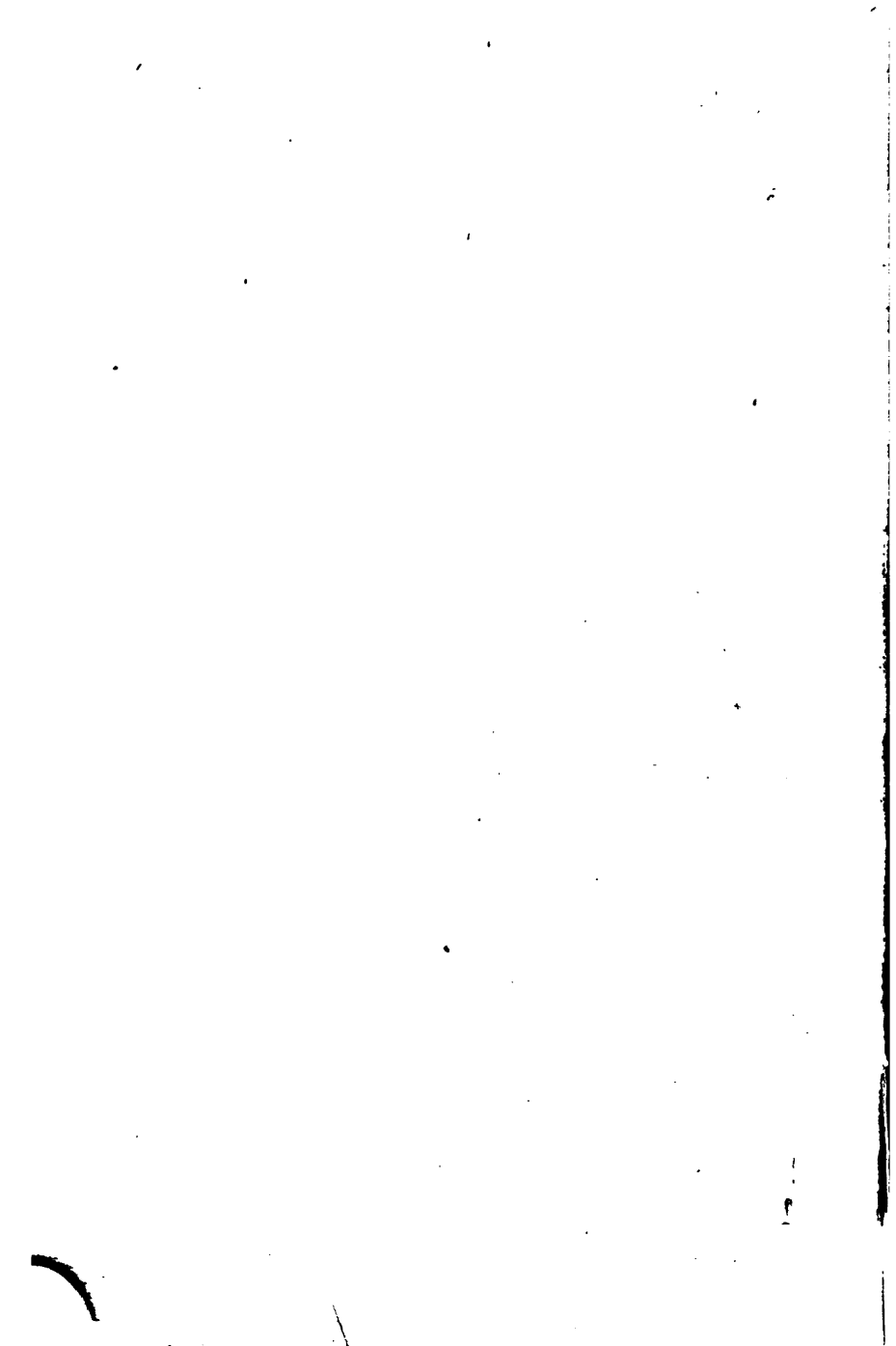
There's a gathering of hosts, and the gates are ajar,
Mid the mansions of glory, in heaven afar ;
And there's music too tender for dull mortal ears,
Such song as God only in Paradise hears.
In the concourse that waits there's a still, breathless
hush ;
On the cheek of the dewdrop, an innocent blush.

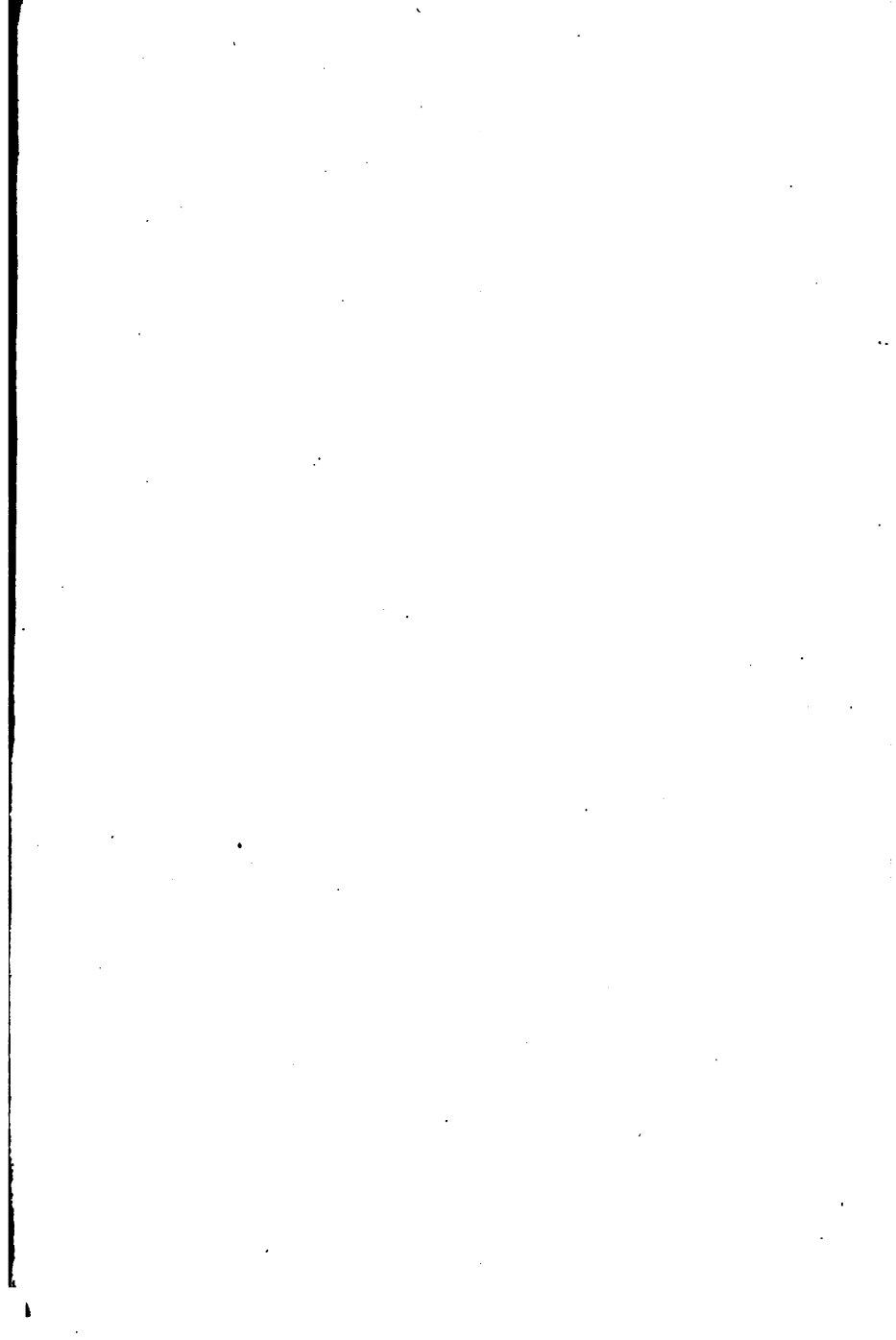
'Mid the Father's bright smiles, and the love of the
Son,
The dewdrop is wedded, and heaven is won.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

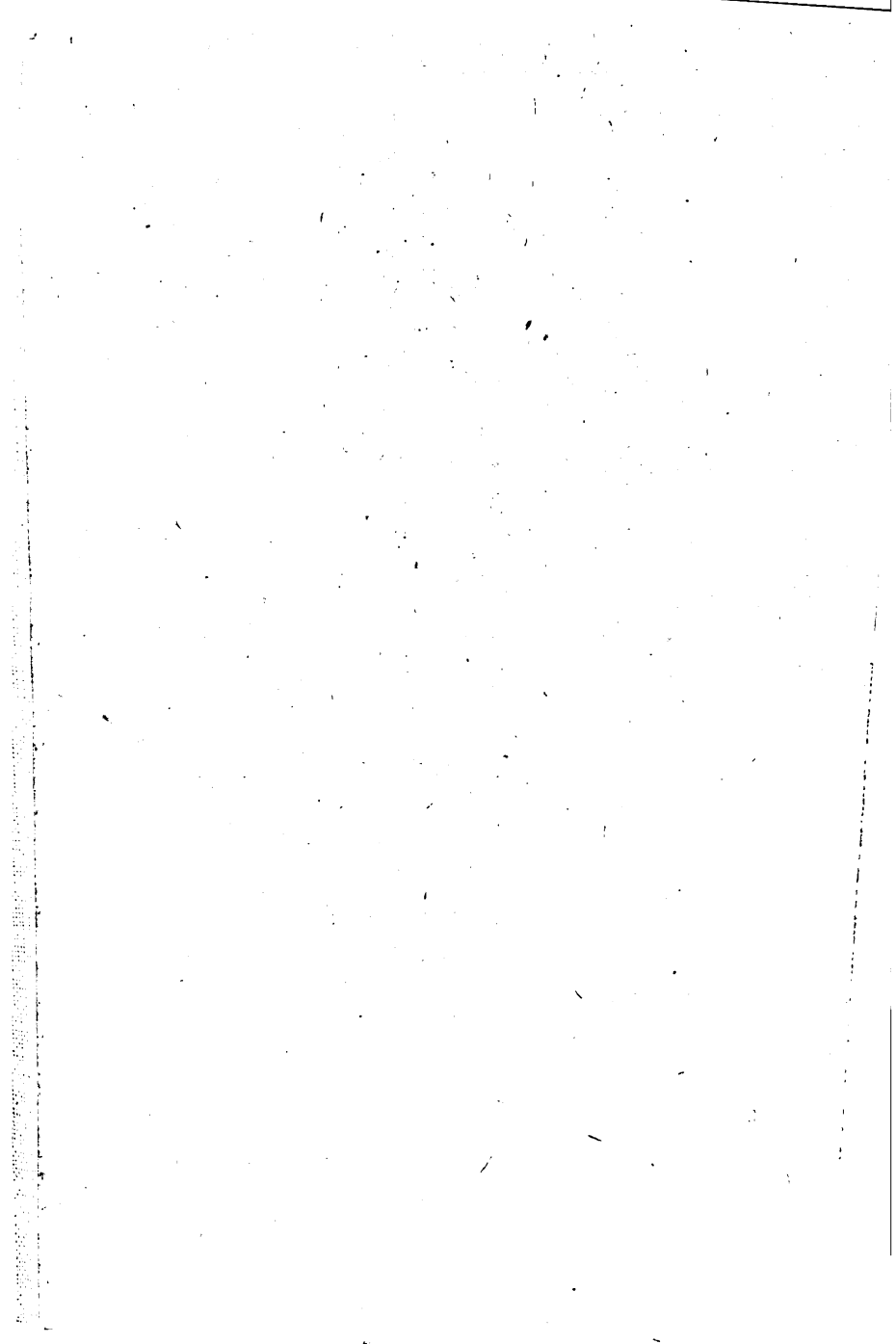
Longing spirits, come away,
Seek the Realm of endless day;
Leave the shadows, and the blight,
Of this world's beclouded night.
Nature's realm can ne'er supply,
Joys for which you longing sigh;
Nor can sordid pleasure give,
Food on which the heart may live.
Lust, when spent, like vanished breath,
Leaves the soul engulfed in death.
Empty dreams of fancied good,
Without virtue, without God,
Tapers quenched in empty air,
Leave the heart in black despair.
By Prince Emmanuel's grace enjoyed,
Be charmed into the sixth spheroid.
No more mid error's night undone,
Bask in Truth's cloudless summer sun.
Let Faith conduct you to The Christ,
On him you may forever feast.
Blinded spirits, come away,
Seek the Realm of endless day.











THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

This book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building

[illegible]



